

LOOK

**HOW THE JEWS
CHANGED
CATHOLIC THINKING**

25 CENTS • JANUARY 25, 1966

**JOHNNY CARSON:
TV's temperamental loner**



**THE NAZI
GENERAL
WHO DEFIED HITLER
AND SAVED
PARIS**



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Arthur Godfrey Time/CBS Radio



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A drum roll, an ascendant houl—"H-e-e-ere's Johnny!"—and on camera comes Mr. Carson, 40 and graying, but still that nice boy from Nebraska with the Puck-edged voice. That's the one-for-the-money and two-for-the-Tonight-show Carson. The off-camera Johnny is: testy, defensive, preoccupied, withdrawn and wondrously inept and uncomfortable with people. What's the matter? See LOOK's report on the loner prince of late-night chitchat, starting on page 98.

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AMERICA'S FAMILY MAGAZINE • 30TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Cover photograph by Pete Turner

picture credits

2: Bob Lerner; 21-23: (1) Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc.; (2) Bill Longacre; 24-31: Stuart Smith; 35-37: (1) Earl Thoren; (2) Stanley Trelick; (3) Douglas Gilbert; (4) NASA; 46-48: (1) Daniel Chapman; (2) NASA; 49-51: Pete Turner; 66-68: (1) U.S. Army; (2) Paris Match Pictorial Parade; 69-71: Joan Lutz; 73-75: Douglas Kirkland; 76: Thomas R. Kornegay; 77-79: Bob Lerner; 80-81: Charlotte Brooks; 90-92: Tom Kacer; 98-102: Stanley Trelick

Full LOOK registered U.S. Patent Office, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Italy, Mexico, Norway, Sweden. LOOK is published every other Tuesday by Cowles Communications, Inc., at 114 Tenth Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50304, U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Des Moines, Iowa, and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions as filed with the Postmaster at Des Moines, Iowa. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Regions A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, V, W, X, Y, Z, M-L-I; Region U, M-L-I. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Printed in U.S.A.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to LOOK, Des Moines, Iowa 50304.

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Address all Editorial Mail to 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Address all Subscription Mail to LOOK Building, Des Moines, Iowa 50304.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hate Thy Neighbor

The World of Leo Rosten [How to Hate in One Easy Lesson, Look, December 14] is by far the best article I have ever read. I say this, maybe, because I so thoroughly agree with him. I feel I must demonstrate to Mr. Rosten that I, a Negro, am also a confirmed practitioner of his form of hatred and discrimination. . . . I discriminate as much against the Negro who uses the prejudice of the White Man as an excuse for all his failures as I do against the White Man who is stupid enough to believe all Negroes are alike. I discriminate against the Negro bootblack, contented in his poverty, who feels he is socially acceptable to me and my family because "we're all the same color," as much as I do against the poor White Man who selects me (or any other Negro) as a vent for his frustrations while making no attempt to improve his lot. I steadfastly refuse to associate with the Negro that feels all white people are no-good. I give the White Man that same honor who maintains, "I like all you colored people."

VINCE E. DOTY, JR.
Dallas, Texas

He put down prejudice about as neatly as anyone could do it! May he live on to an impossibly old, old age.

KATE DUNCAN
Sacramento, Calif.

His attitude . . . is just a bit too smug, too self-satisfied, too all-inclusive. He plays a con game with words. . . . "He hates people he hasn't even met. This is the worst possible way of hating. . . ." writes Leo Rosten. While

the entire press corps were making fools of themselves in the Iowa cornfields, smart Rosten wasn't fooled. He recognized the Russian leader as an ignorant, dangerous lout. Had he met Khrushchev?

HUGH J. REECE
Bronx, N.Y.

Nothing Succeeds Like Sinatra

It's so refreshing to read about a person [Sinatra at Fifty, Look, December 14] — a successful person — who did not spend his life fighting, killing or taking advantage of people in business, war or politics.

ED OLDANI
East Lansing, Mich.

I am 15 years of age, and I think that Frank Sinatra is the greatest thing since hot dogs.

GAIL DAVIS
Massapequa, N.Y.

The man's a slob. The fact he has money merely makes him a rich one.

MURIEL M. WILLIAMS
Poulsbo, Wash.

Lady Luck could leave her escort now, and I'm sure he'd still win at the tables.

JOHN N. PETERS
Fall River, Mass.

Civil Reichs

Let me congratulate you . . . on the most interesting and well-rounded issue of LOOK I have ever read. . . .

Danger in Germany: The Rise of a New Nationalism [Look, December 14] . . . clearly shows why many Americans distrust and dislike Germans in general and why they will continue to distrust them for as long as Germans feel sorry for themselves rather than for what they did.

DENNIS M. DOCKSWELL
Jericho, N.Y.

The devices of falsifying description used by Mr. [J. Robert] Moskin are not original. He has probably read

continued

Brother Sebastian



How come, with 1,650 insurance companies to choose from, more people sign on the dotted line with Metropolitan Life?

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LETTERS continued

Mein Kampf—and learned from it... [He] writes that only after two world wars did Germany establish a democracy... Is the fact that a democracy—the Weimar Republic—was not successful a reason for ignoring its existence?

CHRISTOPHER MIETHING
Gettysburg, Pa.

Of what are the "up-from-ashes industrialists" proud? Whose ashes? Mrs. MARGERY ZEITLIN
San Diego, Calif.

A Hearse is not a Home

You say that Louisville, Ky., undoubtedly has the best ambulance system [*An Ambulance Is Not a Hearse*, Look, December 14]. You do not say where the worst system is. May I cast my vote for Madison, Wis.? A year-and-a-half ago, I phoned for an ambulance. I lived approximately five miles from a hospital. The ambulance took well over an hour. When it did arrive, the child (a boy) was 20 minutes old. For the dubious honor of delivering my own child, I was charged \$30.

R. R. CLARK
Madison, Wis.

When I helped carry a boy three miles out of the woods after a near-fatal hunting accident, no one objected that I was a funeral director, and no one objected that the vehicle I rushed him 40 miles to a hospital in was also used to carry the dead.

SAMUEL P. LUNDY
Funeral and Ambulance Service
Harrisville, N.Y.

Harlem Cry

To what others have tried to express, Claude Brown's comments [*A Cry From Harlem*, Look, December 14] add both feeling and clarity.

ROBERT McALLISTER
Hollywood, Calif.

I am white. I am a member of the NAACP. I am a typical middle-class white who "digs" the Negro (as Claude Brown puts it)... He, Claude Brown, is a disgrace to his race and to Howard University. He has prostituted the education that raised him from a narcotics pusher, thief and wolf. If he wants to be a lawyer, he

must first learn to obey the law, and then try to change it, within legal means... Mr. Brown and the rioters of Watts and Harlem say, "Give me my share." I say, "Earn it."

M. B. CLARKE
Newton, Mass.

Pearls

Three important questions remain unanswered [*The Marshall Papers: Vol. II... The Pearl Harbor Blunders*, Look, December 14]: (1) Why were the recommendations of... Adm. J. O. Richardson concerning the adverse morale effects and the military hazards of basing the entire fleet on Pearl ignored? (2) Why was no action taken on the request by Rear Adm. P. N. Bellinger, Commander, Patrol Wings, for sufficient aircraft and pilots to conduct an effective 360° search and patrol over the Pearl Harbor perimeter? (3) How was it possible for a striking force of the size, composition and special qualifications used by the Japanese to be assembled, organized, trained and then sail thousands of miles without detection, until it made its presence known with a hail of bombs?

In this modern age of fantastic velocities of translation, the last question is of paramount importance. It took weeks to execute the Japanese surprise attack, which resulted in the destruction of a fleet. The next attack can be executed in a matter of minutes and conceivably could result in the destruction of a nation.

L. S. SABIN
Vice Admiral, U.S.N. (Ret.)
La Jolla, Calif.

The article is a distinguished psychological study of mental blocks on a colossal scale... Right now, our intellectuals portend to know just what Cuba, China and Russia are going to do. But do they?

CARL PORTZ
Newcomerstown, Ohio

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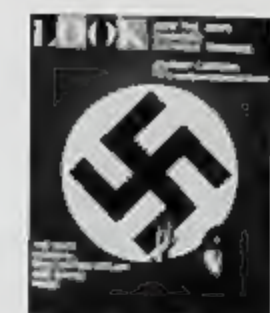
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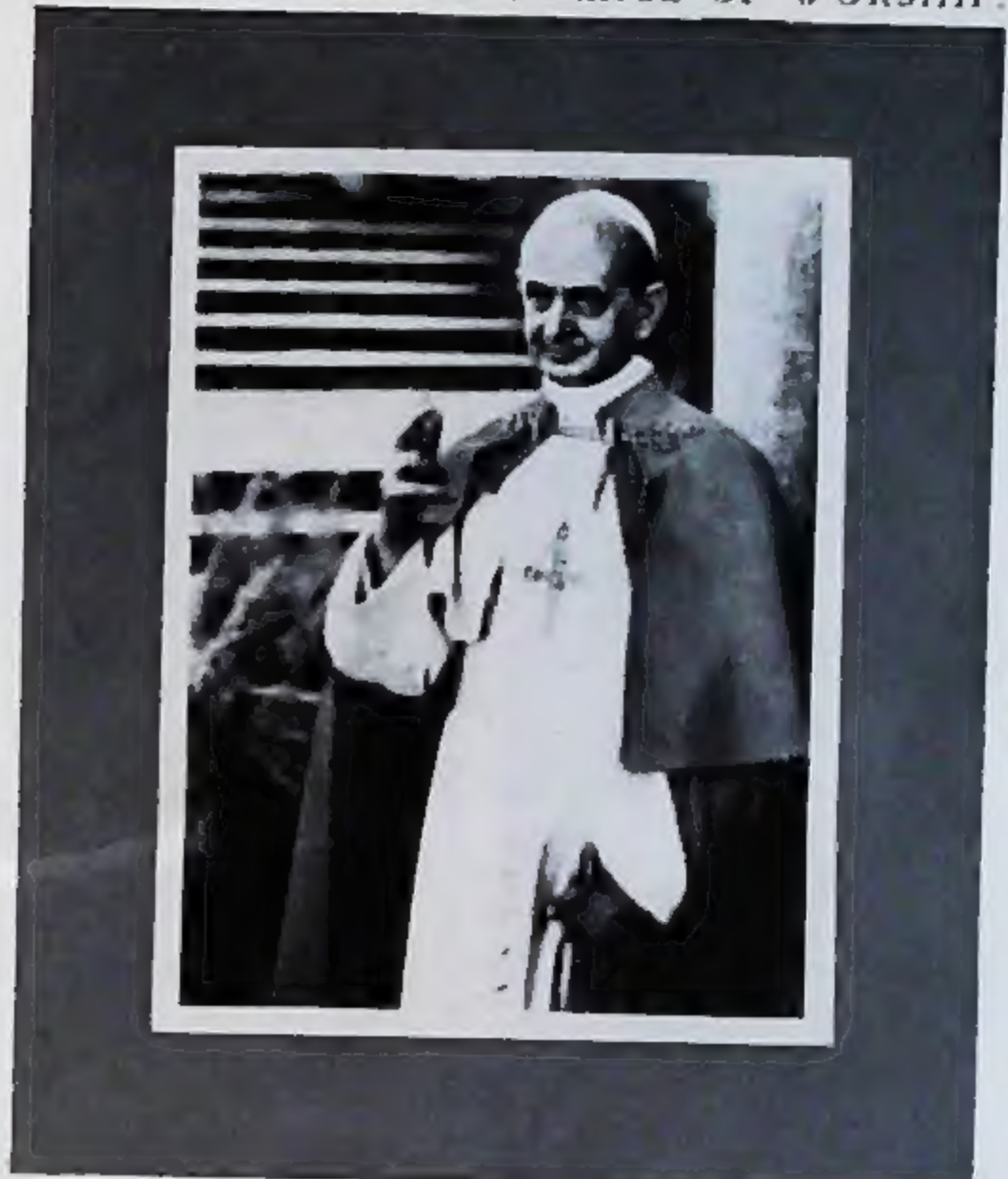
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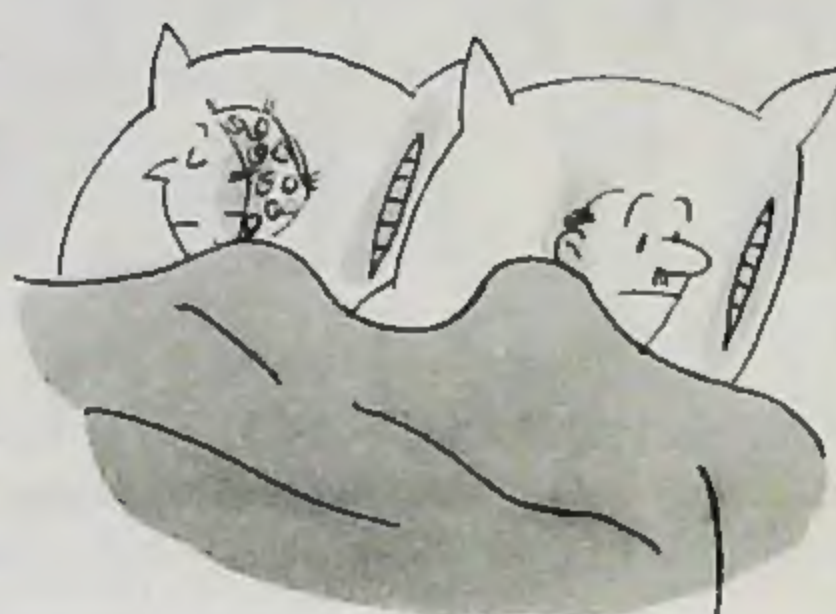


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of getting it.



MARTHA BLANCHARD
LOOK 1-25-66

How to change your life with a camera

A career in photography can bring you money,
prestige, travel, excitement—almost anything you want—
says a man who made a fortune taking pictures

By Victor Keppler

Director of the Famous Photographers School

In my 35 years as a professional photographer, my camera brought me earnings of over four million dollars. It carried me and my wife halfway around the globe. It enabled me to choose my own hours, my own assignments, my own vacations. My camera took me duck hunting with British nobility. It admitted me to secret meetings at the height of a presidential election campaign. It even won for me—a child of the slums—two awards from Harvard University.

Photographers live exciting lives

I'm not alone. Many photographers live exciting lives.

Joe Costa, dean of news photog

large company to employ over 40 staff photographers.

Advertising photography is more lucrative than ever. The photographer who can take striking advertising pictures—the kind on which million dollar campaigns are built—virtually names his own fee. Such photographers often earn over \$50,000 a year.

Even photographers working right in their own communities, many of them only part time, are earning handsome incomes. Last year alone, local photographers were paid almost half a billion dollars for their work!

Ten famous photographers
offer a new kind of training



Left to right:

Photo by Irving Penn

Arthur d'Arazien — country's most sought after industrial photographer
Joseph Costa — "Mr. Press Photographer" for over forty notable years
Philippe Halsman — great portraitist, creator of over ninety LIFE covers
Harry Garfield — America's most successful photographer of children
Irving Penn — his editorial and advertising photographs hang in great art museums
Richard Avedon — world's highest-paid fashion photographer
Bert Stern — winner of Art Directors' top award for last eight years
Ezra Stoller — Frank Lloyd Wright's favorite architectural photographer
Alfred Eisenstadt — dean of LIFE photographers, master of photojournalism
Richard Beattie — leader in advertising and commercial photography

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Success came early to Bert Stern: Before he reached 30, his camera won him 6 Art Directors Awards and a wonderful income. Here Stern is shown taking his famous picture of a martini glass against the Egyptian Pyramids for a highly successful vodka advertising campaign.



Dean of LIFE photographers: Alfred Eisenstadt gets paid to take pictures of the world's most beautiful women (like Sophia Loren above). He is regularly sent to places where most people would love to vacation—the South Seas, the Caribbean, the capital cities of the world.

each lesson would be like an actual studio or field demonstration.

Then, they developed a series of practical lessons and assignments—which with your own camera, in your neighborhood, on your own.

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to two hours on each end to the School. They itiques (using pictures which show you pre-should do to improve s. They write you long, if advice and guidance. is as personal as the

tutoring a master photographer might give a promising assistant.

Students report early success

"My last prize-winning picture got me a job as full-time staff photographer of our local paper," reports Robert Coyle, Dubuque, Iowa. Leslie C. Crine, Port Jervis, New York writes, "Although an amateur, I was chosen over three professionals to photograph our new hospital's dedication. I got a great deal of satisfaction from paying my last tuition installment from the sales of pictures I took."

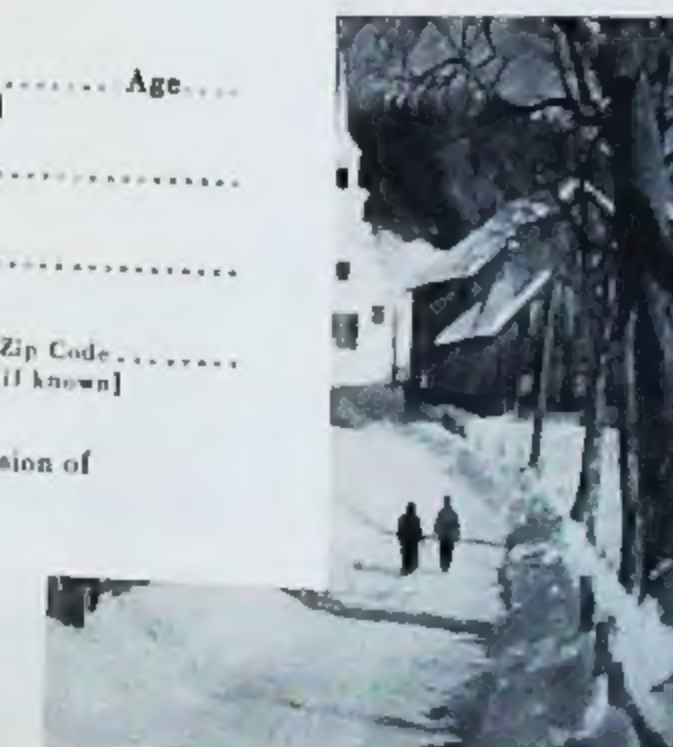
And from Vincent Varvaro, Quincy, Mass., "Shortly after I started your course, I opened my own studio and already I have won two awards from the Art Directors Club of Boston."

Free Aptitude Test offered

To help you determine whether you have the potential for becoming a successful photographer able to earn money with your camera, the ten Famous Photographers have devised a revealing 12-page Aptitude Test. The postpaid card bound next to this page will bring you a copy, along with an illustrated 48-page booklet describing the School.

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A single photograph can bring you income year after year. This one by Arthur d'Arazien has earned him nearly \$9,000 and he still owns it.

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That's why you enjoy peak flavor

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are finding
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cameras...
so can you

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Wins \$1,000 Grand Prize
"Took the big prize-winner in my
back yard. Course is amazing!"
[Robert Coyle, Peoria, Ill.]



"Wonderful dream come true"
"Thanks to you, I changed careers,
am doing photography full time."
[Gerry Swart, Chicago, Ill.]



Builds part-time business
"Earned \$1,000 from city resqui-
centary pictures, a spare-time
job. Thanks for your help."
[Lee E. Smith, Salem, Ind.]

MARTHA BLANCHARD
LOOK 1-25-66

How to change your life with a camera

A career in photography can bring you money,
prestige, travel, excitement—almost anything you want—
says a man who made a fortune taking pictures

By Victor Keppler

Director of the Famous Photographers School

In my 35 years as a professional photog-
rapher, my camera brought me earnings
of over four million dollars. It carried me
and my wife halfway around the globe.
It enabled me to choose my own hours,
my own assignments, my own vacations.
My camera took me duck hunting with
British nobility. It admitted me to secret
meetings at the height of a presidential
election campaign. It even won for me—
a child of the slums—two awards from
Harvard University.

Photographers live exciting lives

I'm not alone. Many photographers live
exciting lives.

Joe Costa, dean of news photog-
raphers, has been the friend of four
presidents. Irving Penn's photos hang in
major art museums all over the world.
Richard Avedon and Philippe Halsman
regularly get paid to photograph the
most beautiful women in the world.

If you enjoy taking pictures—many of
these rewards are open to you because
opportunities for new photographers are
increasing steadily.

Part-time and full-time opportunities constantly growing

Today, more magazines buy and publish
photographs than when I started out.
There are more jobs for photographers,
too. For example, it is not unusual for a

large company to employ over 40 staff
photographers.

Advertising photography is more lu-
crative than ever. The photographer who
can take striking advertising pictures—the
kind on which million dollar cam-
paigns are built—virtually names his
own fee. Such photographers often earn
over \$50,000 a year.

Even photographers working right in
their own communities, many of them
only part time, are earning handsome
incomes. Last year alone, local photog-
raphers were paid almost half a billion
dollars for their work!

Ten famous photographers offer a new kind of training

To help others share in the growing op-
portunities in photography, ten of Amer-
ica's most distinguished photographers
have joined together to start a new kind
of home-study school that has always
been needed. They include: Philippe
Halsman, Irving Penn, Alfred Eisen-
staedt, Richard Avedon, Bert Stern, Ezra
Stoller, Arthur d'Arazien, Richard Beati-
tie, Joseph Costa and Harry Garfield.

These famous photographers spent
three years pouring into a series of re-
markable lessons all the know-how it
had taken each of them many years to
acquire. They contributed or made over
2,000 "teaching photographs," so that



Dean of Life photographers: Alfred Eisenstaedt gets paid to take pictures of the
world's most beautiful women (like Sophia Loren above). He is regularly sent
to places where most people would love to vacation—the South Seas, the Caribbean,
the capital cities of the world.

each lesson would be like an actual
studio or field demonstration.

Then, they developed a series of prac-
tical lessons and assignments—which
you carry out with your own camera, in
your own home or neighborhood, on your
own time schedule.

Like private studio tutoring

Your instructors are all skilled profes-
sional photographers, working under the
famous Guiding Faculty.

They spend up to two hours on each
assignment you send to the School. They
make special critiques (using pictures and
diagrams) which show you pre-
cisely what you should do to improve
your photographs. They write you long,
personal letters of advice and guidance.
Their teaching is as personal as the

tutoring a master photographer might
give a promising assistant.

Students report early success

"My last prize-winning picture got me a
job as full-time staff photographer of our
local paper," reports Robert Coyle, Du-
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And from Vincent Varvaro, Quincy,
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A single photograph can bring you income
year after year. This one by Arthur d'Arazien
has earned him nearly \$9,000 and he still owns it.



ONE HOME'S OPINION OF CRESLAN®

Mr. E. M. Quintana, president and chairman of a prominent metal products company, and his family recently moved into their new Dallas home.

“My whole family wanted this carpet because we were so satisfied with a similar carpet in our old home.”



Carmen and Caroline were generally too busy with school and their friends to give much thought to carpeting. But, now that Carmen is getting married soon, she's become very carpet conscious.

“I have always liked the bright lively colors of our carpeting and the nice bouncy feeling. Now that I'm going to have my own home and have compared all different kinds of carpeting, my mind's made up. We'll have carpeting of Creslan, too.”



The Quintanas live the great indoor-outdoor life of the Southwest. Their carpeting has to stand up to swimmers, sunners and gardeners.

“This is really rugged carpet. It's easy to clean, keeps its color, lasts for years...and still stays beautiful.”

The Quintanas of Dallas, Texas are typical of the thousands of families who want the best possible carpet at the best possible price. They are sold on Creslan. When you want this assurance of quality, look for carpeting of Creslan in your favorite stores. Creslan is a product of AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, NEW YORK.

The decision was unanimous at 4737 Crooked Lane. All the Quintanas voted in carpeting of Creslan.



“This is what I mean by rugged. Two minutes ago Toro knocked over a cola. We sponged it up. And look at it now. Like new.”

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See the most reliable color yet. There's a wide choice of furniture styles. Screen sizes up to 25* inches. And a happy surprise—Philco Color TV costs less than you probably think.

When you get a new Philco color set of your own, invite your barber over to see it. And as long as he's coming over, ask him to bring his scissors.

*Overall diagonal measurement. 20 1/2" in. viewable area.



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These six standard safety features are vital and visible examples of GM's long history of putting safety first for you in its products. We could list lots more that you've probably come to take for granted. Things like precision steering, superb brakes, rugged Body by Fisher with high visibility—everything that contributes to your driving pleasure and assurance—are engineered into every GM car. That's always been the General Motors way, and always will be. But there's one safety feature the world's best engineers can't construct—and that's a safe driver. Make sure your General Motors car has one when you take the wheel.

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Safety comes first at GM
(but remember... you're in the driver's seat)

General Motors Corporation, Detroit, Michigan 48202

HOW THE JEWS CHANGED CATHOLIC THINKING

BY JOSEPH RODDY LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

FOR THE SIMPLE TENETS of their faith, most Roman Catholics rely on the catechism's hard questions and imprinted answers. Children in Church schools memorize its passages, which they rarely forget the rest of their lives. In the catechism, they learn that Catholic dogma does not change and, far more vividly, that Jews killed Jesus Christ. Because of that Christian concept, for the past 20 centuries anti-Semitism spread as a kind of social disease on the body of mankind. Its incidence rose and fell, but anti-Semites were never quite out of style. The ill-minded who argued all other matters could still join in contempt for Jews. It was a gentlemen's agreement that carried into Auschwitz.

Few Catholics were ever directly taught to hate Jews. Yet Catholic teaching could not get around the New Testament account that Jews provoked the Crucifixion. The gas chambers were only the latest proof that they had not yet been pardoned. The best hope that the Church of Rome will not again seem an accomplice to genocide is the fourth chapter of its *Declaration on the Relation of the Church to Non-Christian Religions*, which Pope Paul VI declared Church law near the end of Vatican Council II. At no place in his address from the Chair of Peter did the Pope talk of Jules Isaac. But perhaps the archbishop of Aix, Charles de Provencheres, had made Isaac's role perfectly clear some few years earlier. "It is a sign of the times," the Archbishop said, "that a layman, and a Jewish layman at that, has become the originator of a Council decree."

Jules Isaac was a history scholar, a Legion of Honor member, and the inspector of schools in France. In 1913, he was 66, a despairing man living near Vichy, when the Germans picked up his daughter and wife. From then on, Isaac could think of little but the apathy of the Christian world before the fate of murdered Jews. His book *Jesus and Israel* was published in 1943, and after reading it, Father Paul Démann in Paris searched schoolbooks and verified Isaac's sad claim that inadvertently, if not by intent, Catholics taught contempt for Jews. Gregory Baum, an Augustinian priest born an Orthodox Jew, called it "a moving account of the love which Jesus had for his people, the Jews, and of the contempt which the Christians, later, harbored for them."

Isaac's book was noticed. In 1949, Pope Pius XII received its author briefly. But 11 years went by before Isaac saw real hope. In Rome, in mid June, 1960, the French Embassy pressed Isaac on to the Holy See. Isaac wanted to see John XXIII. He was passed from the old Cardinal Eugene Tisserant to the archconservative Cardinal Alfredo Ottaviani. Ottaviani sent him on to the 83-year-old Cardinal Andrea Jullien, who stared without seeing and stayed motionless as stone while Isaac told how Catholic teaching led to anti-Semitism. When he had finished, he waited for a reaction, but Jullien stayed in stone. Isaac, who was hard of hearing, stared intently at the prelate's lips. Time passed neither spoke, Isaac thought of just leaving, then decided to intrude. "But whom should I see about this terrible thing?" he asked, finally, and after another long pause, the old Cardinal said, "Tisserant." Isaac explained that he had already seen Tisserant. The silence settled in again. The next word was, "Ottaviani." Isaac shook that off too. When it was time for another, the word was, "Bea." With that, Jules Isaac went to Augustin Bea, the one German Jesuit in the College of Cardinals. "In him, I found powerful support," Isaac said.

The next day, the support was even stronger. John XXIII, standing in the doorway of the fourth-floor papal apartment, reached for Jules Isaac's hand, then sat beside him. "I introduced myself as a non-Christian, the promoter of *l'Amittes Judeo-Christiennes*, and a very deaf old man," Isaac said. John talked for a while of his devotion to the Old Testament, told of his days as a Vatican diplomat in France, then asked where his caller was born. Here, Isaac felt a rambling chat with the Supreme Pontiff coming on and started worrying about how he would ever bring the conversation around to his subject. He told John that his actions had kindled great hopes in the people of the Old Testament, and added, "Is not the Pope himself, in his great kindness, responsible for it if we now expect more?" John laughed, and Isaac had a listener. The non-Christian beside the Pope said the Vatican should study anti-Semitism. John said he had been thinking about that from the beginning of their talk. "I asked if I might take away some sparks of hope," Isaac recalled, John said he had a right to more than hope and then went on about the limits of sovereignty. "I am the head but I must consult others too. . . . This is not *monarchie absolue*!" To much of the world, it seemed to be monarchy benevolent. Because of John, a lot

was happening fast in Catholicism and Jewry.

A few months before Isaac spelled out his case against the Gentiles, a Vatican Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity was set up by Pope John under Cardinal Bea. It was to press toward reunion with the churches Rome lost at the Reformation. After Isaac left, John made it clear to the administrators in the Vatican's Curia that a firm condemnation of Catholic anti-Semitism was to come from the Council he had called. To John, the German Cardinal seemed the right legislative whip for the job, even if his Christian Unity Secretariat seemed a vexing address to work from.

By then, there was a fair amount of talk passing between the Vatican Council offices and Jewish groups, and both the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith were heard loud and clear in Rome. Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel of New York's Jewish Theological Seminary, who first knew of Bea in Berlin 30 years ago, met with the Cardinal in Rome. Bea had already read the American Jewish Committee's *The Image of the Jews in Catholic Teaching*. It was followed by another AJC paper, the 23-page study, *Anti-Jewish Elements in Catholic Liturgy*. Speaking for the AJC, Heschel said he hoped the Vatican Council would purge Catholic teaching of all suggestions that the Jews were a cursed race. And in doing that, Heschel felt, the Council should in no way exhort Jews to become Christians. About the same time, Israel's Dr. Nahum Goldmann, head of the World Conference of Jewish Organizations, whose members ranged in creed from the most orthodox to liberal, pressed its aspirations to the Pope. B'nai B'rith wanted the Catholics to delete all language from the Church services that could even seem anti-Semitic. Not then nor in any time to come, would that be a simple thing to do.

The Catholic liturgy, where it was drawn from writings of the early Church Fathers, could easily be edited. But not the Gospels. Even if Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were better at evangelism than history, their writings were divinely inspired, according to Catholic dogma, and about as easy to alter as the center of the sun. That difficulty put both Catholics with the very best intentions and Jews with the deepest understanding of Catholicism in a theological fix. It also brought out the conservative opposition in the Church and to some extent, Arab anxieties in the Mideast. The conservative charge is: must the Jews say that they were deicides, guilty of killing God in the person



October 28, 1965, St. Peter's, Rome. The bishops vote the declaration on Jews.

"We don't have the American outlook on the importance of getting into print."

divine person of Christ. And to say now that they were not deicides was to say by indirection that Christ was not God, for the fact of the execution on Calvary stood unquestioned in Catholic theology. Yet the execution and the religion of those demanding it were the reasons Jews were "God-killers" and "Christ-killers" in the taunts of anti-Semites. Clearly, then, Catholic Scripture would be at issue if the Council spoke about deicides and Jews. Wise and long-mitred heads around the Curia warned that the bishops in council should not touch this issue with ten-foot staffs. But still there was John XXIII, who said they must.

If the inviolability of Holy Writ was most of the problem in Rome, the rest was the Arab-Israeli war. Ben-Gurion's Israel, in the Arab League's view, like Mao's China in the world out of Taiwan, really does not exist. Or, it only exists as a bone in the throat of Nasser. If the Council were to speak out for the Jews, then the spiritual order would seem political to Arab bishops. Next, there would be envoys passing in the night between the Vatican and Tel Aviv. This was a crisis the Arab League thought it might handle by diplomacy. Unlike Israel, its states already had some ambassadors to the papal court. They would bear the politest of reminders to the Holy See that some 2,756,000 Roman Catholics lived in Arab lands and mention the 420,000 Orthodox Catholics separated from Rome, whom the Papacy hoped to reclaim. Bishops of both cuts of Catholicism could be counted on to convey their interests to the Holy See. It was too soon for the threats. Instead, the Arabs imported Rome to see that they were neither anti-Semitic nor anti-Jewish. Arabs, too, are Semites, they said, and among them lived thousands of Jewish refugees. Patriotic Arabs were just anti-Zionist because to them, Zionism was a plot to set a Judaic state in the center of Islam.

In Rome, the word from the Mideast and the conservatives was that a Jewish declaration would be inopportune. From the West, where 225,500 more Jews live in New York than in Israel, the word was that dropping the declaration would be a calamity. And into this impasse came the ingenious bulk of John XXIII—not to settle the dispute but to enlarge it. Quite on his own, the Pope was toying with an idea, which the Roman Curia found grotesque, that non-Catholic faiths should send observers to the Council. The prospect of being invited caused no crisis among Protestants, but it plainly nonplussed the Jews. To attend suggested to some Jews that Christian theology concerned them. But to stay away when invited might suggest that the Jews did not really care whether Catholics came to grips with anti-Semitism.

When it was learned that Bea's declaration, set for voting at the first Council session, carried a clear refutation of the deicide charge, the World Jewish Congress let it be known around Rome that Dr. Haim Y. Vardi, an Israeli, would be an unofficial observer at the Council. The two reports may not have been related, but still they seemed to be. Because of them, other reports—louder ones—were heard. The Arabs complained to the Holy See. The Holy See said no Israeli had been invited. The Israelis denied then that an observer had been named. The Jews in New York thought an American should observe. In Rome, it all ended up with a jiggering of the agenda to make sure that the declaration would not come to the Council floor that session. Still, for the bishops, there was quite a bit of supplementary reading on Jews. Some

agency close enough to the Vatican to have the addresses in Rome of the Council's 2,200 visiting cardinals and bishops, supplied each with a 900-page book, *Il Complotto contro la Chiesa* (*The Plot Against the Church*). In it, among reams of scurrility, was a kind of fetching shred of truth. Its claim that the Church was being infiltrated by Jews would intrigue anti-Semites. For, in fact, ordained Jews around Rome working on the Jewish declaration included Father Baum, as well as Msgr. John Oesterreicher, on Bea's staff at the Secretariat. Bea, himself, according to the Cairo daily, *Al Gomhuriya*, was a Jew named Behar.

Neither Baum nor Oesterreicher was with Bea in the late afternoon on March 31, 1963, when a limousine was waiting for him outside the Hotel Plaza in New York. The ride ended about six blocks away, outside the offices of the American Jewish Committee. There, a latter-day Sanhedrin was waiting to greet the head of the Secretariat for Christian Unity. The gathering was kept secret from the press. Bea wanted neither the Holy See nor the Arab League to know he was there to take questions the Jews wanted to hear answered. "I am not authorized to speak officially," he told them. "I can, therefore, speak only of what, in my opinion, could be effected, indeed, should be effected, by the Council." Then, he spelled out the problem. "In round terms" he said, "the Jews are accused of being guilty of deicide, and on them is supposed to lie a curse." He countered both charges. Because even in the accounts of the Evangelists, only the leaders of the Jews then in Jerusalem and a very small group of followers shouted for the death sentence on Jesus, all those absent and the generations of Jews unborn were not implicated in deicide in any way, Bea said. As to the curse, it could not condemn the crucifiers anyway, the Cardinal reasoned, because Christ's dying words were a prayer for their pardon.

THE RABBIS in the room wanted to know then if the declaration would specify deicide, the curse and the rejection of the Jewish people by God as errors in Christian teaching. Implicit in their question was the most touchy problem of the New Testament. Bea's answer was oblique. He cautioned his listeners that an unwieldy assemblage of bishops could not possibly get down to details, could only set guidelines, and hope not to make the complex seem simple. "Actually," he went on, "it is wrong to seek the chief cause of anti-Semitism in purely religious sources—in the Gospel accounts, for example. These religious causes, in so far as they are adduced (often they are not), are often merely an excuse and a veil to cover over other more operative reasons for enmity." Cardinal and rabbis joined in a toast with sherry after the talk, and one asked the prelate about Monsignor Oesterreicher, whom many Jews regard as too missionary with them. "You know, Eminence," a Jewish reporter once told Bea, "Jews do not regard Jewish converts as their best friends." Bea answered gravely, "Not our Jews."

Not long after that, the Rolf Hochhuth play *The Deputy* opened, to depict Pius XII as the Vicar of Christ who fell silent while Hitler went to The Final Solution. From the pages of the Jesuit magazine *America*, Oesterreicher talked straight at the AJC and B'nai B'rith. "Jewish human-relations agencies," he wrote, "will have to speak out against *The Deputy* in unmistakable terms. Otherwise,

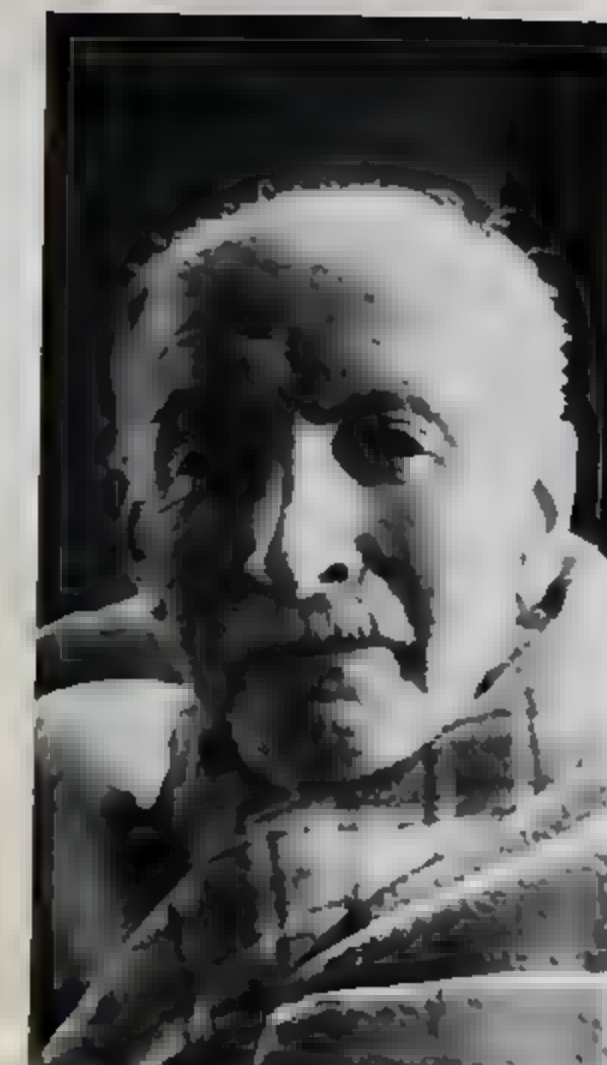
they will defeat their own purpose." In the *Tablet*, of London, Giovanni Battista Montini, the archbishop of Milan, wrote an attack on the play and a defense of the Pope, whose secretary he had been. A few months later, Pope John XXIII was dead, and Montini became Pope Paul VI.

At the second session of the Council, in the fall of 1963, the Jewish declaration came to the bishops as Chapter 4 of the larger declaration *On Ecumenism*. The Chapter 5 behind it was the equally troublesome declaration on religious liberty. Like riders to bills in Congress, each of the disputed chapters was a wayward caboose hooked to the new ecumenical train. Near the end of the session, when *On Ecumenism* came up for a vote, the Council moderators decided the voting should cover only the first three chapters. That switched the cabooses to a siding and averted a lot of clatter in a council trying hard to be ecumenical. Voting on the Jews and religious liberty would follow soon, the bishops were promised. And while waiting around, they could read *The Jews and the Council in the Light of Scripture and Tradition*, which was shorter, but more scurrilous than *Il Complotto*. But the second session ended without the vote on the Jews or religious liberty, and on a distinctly sour note, despite the Pope's announced visit to the Holy Land. That pilgrimage would take up a lot of newsprint, but still leave room for questions about votes that vanished. "Something had happened behind the scenes," the voice of the National Catholic Welfare Conference wrote. "[It is] one of the mysteries of the second session."

Two very concerned Jewish gentlemen who had to reflect hard on such mysteries were 59-year-old Joseph Lichten of B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League in New York, and Zachariah Shuster, 63, of the American Jewish Committee. Lichten, who lost his parents, wife and daughter in Buchenwald, and Shuster, who also lost some of his closest relatives, had been talking with bishops and their staff men in Rome. The two lobbyists were not, however, seeing a lot of one another over *vino rosso* around St. Peter's. The strongest possible Jewish declaration was their common cause, but each wanted his home office to have credit for it. That is, of course, if the declaration was really strong. But until then, each would offer himself to the American hierarchs as the best barometer in Rome of Jewish sentiment back home.

To find out how the Council was going, many U.S. bishops in Rome depended on what they read in the New York Times. And so did the AJC and B'nai B'rith. That paper was the place to make points. Lichten thought Shuster was a genius at getting space in it, but less than deeply instructed in theology. Which is just about the way Shuster saw Lichten. Neither had much time for Fritz Becker. Becker was in Rome for the World Jewish Congress, as its spokesman who sought no publicity and got little. The WJC, according to Becker, was interested in the Council, but not in trying to shape it. "We don't have the American outlook," he said, "on the importance of getting into print."

Getting into print was even beginning to look good to the Vatican. Yet an expert at the public-relations craft would say the Holy See showed inexperience in the Holy Land. When Paul prayed with the bearded Orthodox Patriarch Athenagoras in the Jordanian sector, the visit looked very good. Yet when he crossed over to Israel, he had cutting words about the author of *The Deputy* and a con- versionist sermon for the Jews. His stay was so



Declaration's prime mover, Jules Isaac, talked of it to Pope John. Isaac died in late 1963



Scholars with similar headwear are Rabbi Abraham Heschel of Jewish Theological Seminary and Cardinal Augustin Bea of Vatican, meeting at American Jewish Committee offices in New York.

short that he never publicly uttered the name of the young country he was visiting in. Vaticanologists studying his moves thought they saw lessened hope for the declaration on the Jews.

Things looked better at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. There, at a Beth Israel Hospital anniversary, guests learned that, years earlier, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver had told Cardinal Francis Spellman of Israel's efforts to get a seat in the United Nations. To help, Spellman said he would call on South American governments and share with them his fond wish that Israel be admitted. About the same time, if *Papa americana* told an AJC meeting it was "absurd to maintain that there is some kind of continuing guilt." In Pittsburgh, Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum of the AJC spoke to the Catholic Press Association about the deicide charge, and the editorial response was abundant. In Rome, six AJC members had an audience with the Pope, and one of them, Mrs. Leonard M. Sperry, had just endowed the Sperry Center for Intergroup Cooperation at Pro Deo University in the Holy City. The Pope told his callers he agreed with all Cardinal Spellman had said about Jewish guilt. Vaticanologists could not help but reverse their reading and see a rosy future for the declaration.

Then came the New York Times. On June 12, 1964, it reported that the denial of deicide had been cut from the latest draft of the declaration. At the Secretariat for Christian Unity, a spokesman said only that the text had been made stronger. But that is not the way most Jews read it, nor a great many Catholics. Before the Council met and while the text was still *sub secreto*, whole sections of it turned up one morning in the New York *Herald Tribune*. No mention of the deicide charge was to be found. Instead, there was a clear call for the ecumenical spirit to extend itself because "the union of the Jewish people with the Church is a part of the Christian hope." Among the few Jews who did not mind reading that were Lichten and Shuster. They could look at it professionally. It read, say, much better over coffee in a morning paper than it would if the Pope were promulgating it as Catholic teaching. On other Jews, its effect was galvanic. Their disappointment set off indignation among some American bishops, and Lichten and Shuster appreciated their concern. Chances that a deicideless declaration, with a built-in conversion clause, would ever get by the American bishops and cardinals at the Council were what a couple of good lobbyists might call slim.

About two weeks before that, Msgr. George Higgins of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, D.C., helped arrange a papal audience for UN Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg, who was a Supreme Court Justice at the time. Rabbi Heschel briefed Goldberg before the Justice and the Pope discussed the declaration. Cardinal Richard Cushing, in Boston, wanted to help too. Through his aide in Rome, the Cardinal set up an audience with the Pope for Heschel, whose apprehensions had reason to exceed Cushing's. With the AJC's Shuster beside him, Heschel talked hard about deicide and guilt, and asked the Pontiff to press for a declaration in which Catholics would be forbidden to proselytize Jews. Paul, somewhat affronted, would in no way agree. Shuster, somewhat chagrined, disassociated himself gingerly from Heschel by switching to French, which the Pope speaks but the Rabbi does not. All agree that the audience did not end as cordially as it began. Only Heschel and a few others think it did good. He invited notice in an Israeli paper that the declaration's next text had emerged free of conversionary tone. To the AJC, that interview was one more irritant. The Rabbi's audience with Paul in the Vatican, like Bea's meeting with the AJC in New York, was granted on the condition that it would be kept secret. It was undercover summit conferences of that sort that led conservatives to claim that American Jews were the new powers behind the Church.

But on the floor of the Council, things looked even worse to the conservatives. There, it seemed to them as if Catholic bishops were working for the Jews. At issue was the weakened text. The cardinals from St. Louis and Chicago, Joseph Ritter and the late Albert Meyer, demanded a return to the strong one. Cushing said the deicide denial would have to be put back. Bishop Steven Leven of San Antonio called for clearing the text of conversionary pleas and, unknowingly, uttered a prophetic view about deicide. "We must tear this word out of the Christian vocabulary," he said, "so that it may never again be used against the Jews."

All that talk brought out the Arab bishops. They argued that a declaration favoring Jews would expose Catholics to persecution as long as Arabs fought Israelis. Deicide, inherited guilt and conversionary locutions seemed like so many debating points to most Arabs. They wanted no declaration at all, they kept saying, because it would be put to political use against them. Their allies in this holy war were conservative Italians, Span-

iards and South Americans. They saw the structure of the faith being shaken by theological liberals who thought Church teaching could change. To the conservatives, this was near-heresy, and to the liberals, it was pure faith. Beyond faith, the liberals had the votes, and sent the declaration back to its Secretariat for more strength. While it was out for redrafting again, the conservatives wanted it flattened into one paragraph in the *Constitution of the Church*. But when the declaration reappeared at the third session's end, it was in a wholly new document called *The Declaration on the Relation of the Church to Non-Christian Religions*. In that setting, the bishops approved it with a 1,770 to 185 vote. There was considerable joy among Jews in the United States because their declaration had finally come out.

In fact, it had not. The vote had been an endorsement only for the general substance of the text. But because votes with qualifications were accepted (*placet iuxta modum* is the Latin term for "yes, but with this modification"), the time between the third session and the fourth—just finished—would be spent fitting in the modifying *modi*, or those most of the 31 voting members of the Secretariat thought acceptable. By Council rules, *modi* could qualify or nuance the language, but they could not change the substance of the text. But then, what substance is or is not has always kept philosophers on edge. And theologians have had trouble with it too.

But first there were less recondite troubles to face. In Segni, near Rome, Bishop Luigi Carli wrote in the February, 1965, issue of his diocesan magazine that the Jews of Christ's time and their descendants down to the present were collectively guilty of Christ's death. A few weeks later, on Passion Sunday, at an outdoor Mass in Rome, Pope Paul talked of the Crucifixion and the Jews' heavy part in it. Rome's chief rabbi, Elio Toaff, said in saddened reply that in "even the most qualified Catholic personalities, the imminence of Easter causes prejudices to reemerge."

On April 25, 1965, the New York Times correspondent in Rome, Robert C. Doty, upset just about everybody. The Jewish declaration was in trouble was the gist of his story reporting that the Pope had turned it over to four consultants to clear it of its contradictions to Scripture and make it less objectionable to Arabs. It was about as refuted as a Times story ever gets. When Cardinal Bea arrived in New York three days later, he had his priest-secretary deny Doty's story by saying that his Secretariat for Christian Unity still had full control of the Jewish declaration. Then came an apology for Paul's sermon. "Keep in mind that the Pope was speaking to ordinary and simple faithful people—not before a learned body," the priest said. As to the anti-Semitic Bishop of Segni the Cardinal's man said that Carli's views were definitely not those of the Secretariat. Morris B. Abram of the AJC was at the airport to greet Bea and found his secretary's views on that reassuring.

In Rome a few days later, some fraction of the Secretariat met to vote on the bishops' suggested *modi*. Among them were a few borne down from the fourth floor of the Vatican over the nature of the Bishop of Rome. It is not known for certain whether that special bishop urged that the "guilty of deicide" denial be cut. But the alternate possibility that the phrase would have been cut, if he had wanted it kept, is not pondered on much any more. Accounts of the Secretariat's struggles

continued

"But massacre?" one lobbyist in Rome asked. "Do you deplore massacre?"

over decide agree that it was a very close vote after a long day's debate. After decide went out, there remained the Bishop of Rome's suggestion that the clause beginning "deplores, indeed condemns, hatred and persecution of Jews" might read better with "indeed condemns" left out. That would leave hatred and persecution of Jews still "deplored." The suggestion stirred no debate and was quickly accepted by vote. It was late, and nobody cared to fuss any more about little things.

That meeting was from May 9 to 15, and during that week, the New York Times had a story every other day from the Vatican. On May 8, the Secretariat denied again that outsiders were taking a hand in the Jewish declaration. On the 11th, President Charles Helou of Lebanon, an Arab Maronite Catholic, had an audience with the Pope. On the 12th, the Vatican Press Office announced that the Jewish declaration remained unchanged. If that was to reassure Jews, it came across as a Press Office protesting too much. On the 15th, the Secretariat closed its meeting, and the bishops went their separate ways, some sad, some satisfied, all with lips sealed. A few may have wondered if something out of order had happened and if, despite Council rules, a Council document had been substantially changed between sessions.

The Times persisted in making trouble. On June 20, under Doty's by-line, was the report that the declaration was "under study" and might be dropped altogether. On June 22, Doty filed a story amounting to a self-directed punch in the nose. Commenting to Doty on his own earlier report, a source close to Bea said it was "so deprived of any basis that it doesn't even deserve a denial." For those who have raised refutations to a fine art, that was a denial to be proud of, because it was precisely true while completely misleading. Doty had written that the declaration was under study when, in fact, the study was finished, the damage was done, and there existed what many regard as a substantially new declaration on the Jews.

In Geneva, Dr. Willem Visser 'tHooft, head of the World Council of Churches, told two American priests that, if the reports were true, the ecumenical movement would be slowed. His sentiments were not kept secret from the U.S. hierarchy. Nor was the AJC saddened into inactivity. Rabbi Tanenbaum plied Monsignor Higgins with press clippings from appalled Jewish editors. Higgins conveyed his fears to Cardinal Cushing, and the Boston prelate made polite inquiry to the Bishop of Rome. In Germany, a group for Jewish-Christian amity sent a letter to the bishops claiming, "There is now prevailing a crisis of confidence vis-à-vis the Catholic Church." At the Times, there had never been a crisis of confidence vis-à-vis its reporting from Rome, but if there had been one, it would have passed on September 10. In his story under the headline VATICAN DRAFT EXONERATING JEWS REVISED TO OMIT WORD "DECIDE," Doty allowed no Times reader to think he had pried into Vatican secrets. He was pleased to credit as his source "an authorized leak by the Vatican."

Similar stories in the Times foretold Council failings before they happened. Most of these were substantiated in magazine pieces and books published later, though some had traces of special pleading. The American Jewish Committee's intellectual monthly, Commentary, had offered a most bleak report on the Council and the Jews by the pseudonymous F. E. Cartus. In a footnote, the author referred the reader to a confirming account

in *The Pilgrim*, a 281-page book by the pseudonymous Michael Serafian. Later, in *Harper's* magazine, Cartus, even more dour, added to the doubts on the Jewish text. To buttress his case, he recast *Pilgrim* passages and cited Council accounts in *Time*, whose Rome correspondent had surfaced for by-line status as author of a notably good book on the Council. At the time, both *Time* and the New York Times were glad to have an inside tipster. Just for the journalistic fun of it, the inside man's revelations were signed "Pushkin," when slipped under some correspondents' doors.

But readers were served no rewritten Pushkin on the Council's last sessions. The cassock had come off the double agent who could never turn down work. Pushkin, it turned out, was Michael Serafian in book length, F. E. Cartus for the magazines, and a translator in the Secretariat for Christian Unity, while keeping up a warm friendship with the AJC. At the time, Pushkin-Serafian-Cartus was living in the Biblical Institute, where he had been known well since his ordination in 1954, though he will be known here as Timothy Fitzharris-O'Boyle, S.J. For the journalists, the young priest's inside tips and tactical leaks checked out so well that he could not resist gilding them every now and then with a flourish of creative writing. And an imprecision or two could even be charged off to exhaustion in his case. He was known to be working on a book at a young married couple's flat. The book finally got finished, but so did half of the friendship. Father Fitzharris-O'Boyle knew it was time for a forced march before his religious superior could inquire too closely into the reasons for that crisis in camaraderie. He left Rome then, sure that he could be of no more use locally.

A PART FROM HIS taste for pseudonyms, fair ladies, reports on the nonexistent and perhaps a real jester's genius for footnotes, Fitzharris-O'Boyle was good at his job in the Secretariat, valuable to the AJC and is still thought of by many around Rome as a kind of genuine savior in the diaspora. Without him, the Jewish declaration might well have gone under early, for it was Fitzharris-O'Boyle who best helped the press harass the Romans wanting to scuttle it. The man has a lot of priests' prayers.

Other years, Fitzharris-O'Boyle was around Rome when the declaration needed help. At Vatican II's fourth and last session, there was no help in sight. And things were happening very fast. The text came out weakened, as the Times said it would. Then, the Pope took off for the UN, where his *jamaïs plus la guerre* speech was a triumph. After that, he greeted the president of the AJC in an East Side church. That looked good for the cause. Then, at the Yankee Stadium Mass, the Pope's lector intoned a text beginning "for fear of the Jews." And on TV that sounded quite astonishing. Everywhere, there were speeches on the rises and falls of the Jewish declaration, many of them preparing for a final letdown. Lichten's executive vice-president, Rabbi Jay Kaufman, had told audiences of his own puzzlement "as the fate of the section on Jews is shuttled between momentary declaration and certain confutation, like a sparrow caught in a clerical badminton game." Shuster could hear about the same from the AJC. He could also hear the opposition. Not content with a weakened declaration, it again wanted the total victory of no declaration at all. For that, the

Arabs' last words were "respectfully submitted" in a 28-page memorandum calling on the bishops to save the faith from "communism and atheism and the Jewish-Communist alliance."

In Rome, the bishops' vote was set for October 14, and to Lichten and Shuster, the prospects of anything better looked almost hopeless. Priests had clipped each a copy of the Secretariat's secret replies to the modifications the bishops wanted. The *modi* made disconsolate reading. In the old text, the Jewish origin of Catholicism was noted in a paragraph beginning, "In truth, with a grateful heart, the Church of Christ acknowledges. . . ." In the *modi* sent to the Secretariat, two bishops (but which two?) suggested that "with a grateful heart" be deleted. It could, they feared, be understood to mean that Catholics were required to give thanks to the Jews of today. "The suggestion is accepted," the Secretariat decided. The replies went that way for most of 16 pages. Through all of them, few reasons were advanced for taking the warmth out of the old text and making the new one more legal than humane.

When Shuster and Lichten had finished reading, there were telephone calls to be made to the AJC and B'nai B'rith in New York. But these were not much help at either end. It was Higgins who first tried convincing two disheartened lobbyists to settle for what they would get. Yet for a day or two, Bishop Leven of San Antonio gave them hope. He thought the new statement was so weakened that the American bishops should vote *en bloc* against it. If followed, the tactic would have added a few hundred negative votes to the Arab-conservative side and marked the Council as so split that the Pope might not promulgate anything. The protest-vote tactic was soon abandoned. Lichten's remorse lasted longer. He sent telegrams to about 25 bishops he thought could still help retrieve the strong text. But again, it was Higgins who quietly told him to give up. "Look, Joe," the priest with the labor-lawyer manner told Lichten, "I understand your disappointment. I'm disappointed too." Then, he went off to console Shuster.

In his own room, where Higgins thinks he had Lichten and Shuster together for their first joint appearance in Rome, the priest could sound as if he were putting it straight to company men looking for a square shake from the union. "If you two give New York the impression you can get a better text, you are crazy," he told them. "Lay all your cards on the table. It's just insane to think by some pressures here or newspaper articles back in New York, you can work a miracle in the Council. You are not going to work it, and they will think you fell down on the job."

Lichten remembers more. "Higgins said, 'Think how much harm can be done, Joe, if we allow these changes to erect barriers in the path we have taken for such a long time. And this may happen if your people, and mine, don't respond to the positive aspects.' That was the psychological turning point for me," Lichten said. Shuster was still unreconciled, and he can remember the day well. "I had to break my head and heart," he said, "to think what should be done. I went through a crisis, but I was convinced by Higgins. The loss of decide, frankly, I did not consider a catastrophe. But 'deplore' for 'condemn' is another thing. When I step on your toes, you deplore what I do. But massacre? Do you deplore massacre?"

A differing view was taken by Abbé René Laurentin, a Council staff man who wrote to all

the bishops with a last-minute appeal to conscience. Of itself, the loss of the decide denial would not have mattered to Laurentin either, if there would never be anti-Semitism in the world again. But since history invites pessimism in the world again, Laurentin asked the bishops to suppose that genocide might recur. "Then, the Council and the Church will be accused," he contended, "of having left dormant the emotional root of anti-Semitism which is the theme of decide." Bishop Leven had wanted the word decide torn out of the Christian vocabulary when he argued a year earlier for the stronger text. Now, the Secretariat had even torn it out of the declaration, and proscribed it from the Christian vocabulary so abruptly that even the proscription itself was suppressed. "With difficulty, one escapes the impression," Laurentin wrote, "that these arguments owe something to artifice."

Before the vote in St. Peter's, Cardinal Bea spoke to the assembled bishops. He said his Secretariat had received their *modi* "with grateful heart"—and the words just happened to be the very first ones deleted by his Secretariat's vote from the new version. A year earlier, Bea had argued for getting the decide denial into the text, and now he was defending its removal. He spoke without zeal, as if he, too, knew he was asking the bishops for less than Jules Isaac and John XXIII might have wanted. Exactly 250 bishops voted against the declaration, while 1,763 supported it. Through much of the U.S. and Europe, the press minutes later made the complex simple with headlines reading VATICAN PARDONS JEWS, JEWS NOT GUILTY OF JEWS EXONERATED IN ROME.

Glowing statements came from spokesmen of the AJC and B'nai B'rith, but each had a note of disappointment that the strong declaration had been diluted. Bea's friend Heschel was the harshest and called the Council's failure to deal with decide "an act of paying homage to Satan." Later on, when calm, he was just saddened. "My old friend, the Jesuit priest Gus Weigel, spent one of the last nights of his life in this room," Heschel said. "I asked him whether he thought it would really be *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* if there were no more synagogues, no more Seder dinners and no more prayers said in Hebrew?" The question was rhetorical, and Weigel has since gone to his grave. Other comments ranged from the elated to the satiric. Dr. William Wexler of the World Conference of Jewish Organizations tried for precision. "The true significance of the Ecumenical Council's statement will be determined by the practical effects it has on those to whom it is addressed," he said. Harry Golden of the *Carolina Israelite* called for a Jewish Ecumenical Council in Jerusalem to issue a Jewish declaration on the Christians.

With his needling retort, the columnist was reflecting a view popular in the U.S. that some kind of forgiveness had been granted the Jews. The notion was both started and sustained by the press, but there was no basis for it in the declaration. What led quite understandably to it, however, was the open wrangling around the Council that had made the Jews seem on trial for four years. If the accused did not quite feel cleared when the verdict was in, it was because the jury was out far too long.

It was out for reasons politicians understand but few thought relevant to religion. The present head of the Holy See, like the top man in the White House, believed deeply in pressing for a consensus when any touchy issue was put to a Council vote.

Strong declaration below was recast into final weaker version at right

This Synod, in her rejection of injustice of whatever kind and wherever inflicted upon men, remains mindful of that common patrimony and so deplores, indeed condemns, hatred and persecution of Jews, whether they arose in former or in our own days.

May all, then, see to it that in catechetical work or in preaching they do not teach anything that could give rise to hatred or contempt of Jews in the hearts of Christians. May they never present the Jewish people as one rejected, cursed, or guilty of decide. All that happened to Christ in His passion can in no way be attributed to the whole people then alive, much less to the people of today.

Bishops approved strong text on November 20, 1964. Paul VI promulgated revised version on October 28, 1965

By the principle of collegiality, in which all bishops help govern the whole Church, any real issue divided the college of bishops into progressives and conservatives. Reconciling them was the Pope's job. For this rub in the collegial process, the papal remedy, whether persuaded or imposed, played some hob with the law of contradiction. When one faction said Scripture alone was the source of Church teaching, the other held for the two sources of Scripture and Tradition. To bridge that break, the declaration was rewritten with Pauline touches to reaffirm the two-source teaching while allowing that the other merited study. When opponents of religious liberty said it would fly against the teaching that Catholicism is the One True Church, a similar solution trickled down from the Vatican's fourth floor. Religious liberty now starts with the One True Church teaching, which, according to some satisfied conservatives, contradicts the text that follows.

The Jewish issue was an even more troublesome one for a consensus-maker. Those who saw a dichotomy in the declaration could find it in the New Testament, too, where all are agreed it will stay. But to what extent was that issue complicated by the politics of the Arabs? In Israel, there is the feeling since the vote, and in Mideast journals there is considerable evidence for it, that the masses of Arab Christians were more indifferent to the dispute than the Scriptural conservatives would like known. By the Newtonian laws of political motion, pressure begets counterpressure more often than lobbyists like to admit. And one of the hypotheses that B'nai B'rith and the AJC must ponder is that much Arab resistance and some theological intransigence were creatures of Jewish lobbying. There was anxiety all along about that, and Nahum Goldmann cautioned Jews early to "not raise the issue with too much intensity." Some did not. After the vote, when Fritz Becker, the WJC's silent man, admitted he once called on Bea at home, he said the declaration was not mentioned. "We just talked, the Cardinal and I," Becker said, "about the advantages of not talking."

Here are Catholics close to what went on in Rome who think that Jewish energy did harm Higgins, the social-action priest from Washington, D.C., is not one of them. If it had not been for the lobbying, he felt, the declaration would have been tabled. But in his usual gruff way, Cardinal Cush-

Although the Jewish authorities and those who followed their lead pressed for the death of Christ (cf. Jn. 19,6), nevertheless what happened to Christ in His passion cannot be attributed to all Jews, without distinction, then alive, nor to the Jews of today. Although the Church is the new people of God, the Jews should not be presented as rejected by God or accursed, as if this follows from the Holy Scriptures. May all see to it, then, that in catechetical work or in preaching the word of God they do not teach anything that is inconsistent with the truth of the Gospel and with the spirit of Christ.

Moreover, the Church, which rejects every persecution against any man, mindful of the common patrimony with the Jews and moved not by political reasons but by the Gospel's spiritual love, deplores hatred, persecutions, displays of anti-Semitism, directed against Jews at any time or by anyone.

ing said that the only people who could beat the Jewish declaration were the Jewish lobbyists. Father Tom Stransky, the tough young Paulist who rides a Lambretta to work at the Secretariat, thought that once the press got on to the Council there was no way to stop such pressure groups. If the Council could have deliberated in secret with no strainings from the outside, he thinks the declaration would have been stronger.

As it stands, Stransky fears that some Catholics may gleefully pass it off as if it were written to and for Jews. "This, you have got to remember, is addressed to Catholics. This is Catholic Church business. I don't mind telling you I'd be insulted, too, if I were a Jew and I thought this document was speaking to Jews." For the Catholics, he thinks it is now written for its best effect.

It was Stransky's superior in the Secretariat, Cardinal Bea, who came around most to the claims of the conservatives. Bea apparently realized fairly late that there were some Catholics, more pious than instructed, whose contempt for Jews was inseparable from their love for Christ. To be told by the Council that Jews were not Christ-killers would be too abrupt a turnaround for their faith. These were Catholicism's simple dogmatics. But there were many bishops at the Council who, if far less simple, were no less dogmatic. They felt Jewish pressure in Rome and resented it. They thought Bea's enemies were proved right when Council secrets turned up in American papers. "He wants to turn the Church over to the Jews," the hatemongers said of the old Cardinal, and some dogmatics in the Council thought the charge about right. "Don't say the Jews had any part in this," one priest said, "or the whole fight with the dogmatics will start over." Another Father Felix Morlion at the Pro Deo University, who heads the study group working closely with the AJC, thought the promulgated text the best. "The one before had more regard for the sensitiveness of the Jewish people, but it did not produce the necessary clarity in the minds of Christians," he said. "In this sense, it was less effective even to the very cause of the Jewish people."

Morlion knew just what the Jews did to get the declaration and why the Catholics had settled for its compromise. "We could have braten the dogmatics," he insisted. They could, indeed, but the cost would have been a split in the Church.

END

VIETNAM WIDOW

Like hundreds of women whose husbands die in



ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1963, Shirley Isaacs and her husband, 1st Lt. Royal G. Isaacs, Jr., posed for a happy photograph in an Oklahoma City club. Lieutenant Isaacs had just returned safely from Vietnam, after six months with the Army's Special Forces. They had been married only a year, and the reunion was sweet. It was also short. George, as Shirley calls him, was sent to ranger school at Fort Benning, Ga., only a few miles from her home in Phenix City, Ala. Then, in September, 1964, their daughter Sherry was born. Eight

weeks later, Shirley Isaacs must learn how to pick up the threads of her life

weeks later, George was back in Vietnam, this time, with an 11-man force that showed villagers near the Cambodian border how to fortify their hamlets and resist the Vietcong raiders. Shirley tried to keep busy with the unfamiliar duties of a new mother in the mobile home she and George had bought near Fort Bragg, N.C., where the Special Forces men are trained. But as the casualty lists lengthened, she became increasingly worried and began to suffer fainting spells. The Army offered to bring George back on emer-

gency leave; Shirley vetoed the suggestion. "He'll just have to go back there," she said. On the morning of April 23, 1965, a Western Union messenger carrying a telegram signed by a Pentagon general could not find Shirley in Trailertown. She had fainted again and had been taken to the home of her husband's former commanding officer so his wife could look after her. At 10 a.m., a white-faced colonel came home and put an arm around Shirley. "I'm afraid I've got bad news," he said. "George has been killed in Vietnam."

Back home in Phenix City, Ala., Shirley is slowly rallying from her private disaster, progressing a little farther each day. "The Reverend (William R.) Hammock is a great comfort," she says. "He knew us both very well. He married us in the Baptist church across the street. Then he had to bury George. He understands."

Continued



At her old high school, Shirley helps the Glee Club rehearse for a musical.



Shirley is the one who usually keeps score when she bowls with friends

"I can't go out and double-date with my old girl friends."

"In a small town," says Shirley, "there's not very much to do. A widow inevitably loses many of her married friends, and I'm too young to stay at home. Once in a while, I go bowling with my old girl friends, but I can't double-date with them. An Army wife at Fort Benning who read about me in the papers wants me to join her bridge club. The only trouble is, I can't play bridge."

"I can't plan ahead. I live just for today and hope tomorrow won't be worse."

With every month's passing to soften the stark memory of last April 23, Shirley feels emotionally stronger. But she is reluctant to make any long range plans. "The future is still very uncertain," she says. "I'm trying to make the best of today." Getting married again, she says, "is nothing I want to think about. I love George very much." Her memories are vivid. At Fort Bragg one cold morning, he made me bundle up and follow him into the woods. He said, 'I'm going to give you a nature lesson.' Then he showed me all the things he had learned—how to watch the birds to see if wild berries are safe to eat, how to remain warm overnight." Time has passed but Shirley still finds that the memories she cherishes hurt.

continued



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Security check (soldiers' widows with children are covered because military personnel now pay the Social Security tax). The benefits will continue until Sherry is grown; Shirley's stop if she remarries or goes back to work. In addition, the Veterans Administration sends a monthly indemnity check that swells the total payments enough to enable Shirley to live with dignity—if not luxury—providing she is careful.

Every week or so, Shirley crosses over the Chattahoochee River to nearby Fort Benning, where she stocks up at the commissary and post exchange on groceries and other necessities at bargain prices. As a soldier's widow, she is also entitled to free medical care at the base hospital, but finds it quicker and easier to visit her own family doctor.

Phenix City's mayor has offered Shirley her old job at City Hall, but for now, Shirley wants to stay home and take care of Sherry. She also wants the time to think out her problems.

Mrs. Wooten has been invaluable in giving counsel, but too easy on her, says Shirley. "For a while," she remem-

bers, "I was highly nervous, and I would scream at the baby. Well, my sister in California wasn't afraid to straighten me out. I stopped that."

Shirley has no bitter feelings toward the anti-Vietnam demonstrators. "I believe in freedom of speech," she says, "a freedom that George was fighting for. But I don't think these demonstrators know what they're talking about."

There are reports of Vietnam widows being plagued by crank telephone callers who say: "Your husband died for nothing. What was he doing fighting a war that isn't our business?" Shirley hasn't gotten any calls like that, but she has received flesh-crawling telephone invitations for "dates" from anonymous men who say: "What does it matter? Your husband's dead, isn't he?!"

Every few weeks, Shirley drives over to the Lakeview Memory Gardens to place a wreath on her husband's grave. It is a quiet spot in the veterans' section, marked by a flag and two cannons left over from another war. The tires on the gun carriages are flat. It has been a long time since they were last used.

END



From her mother, who has been a widow twice, Shirley says she gets good advice, but it is sometimes too sympathetic.

VIETNAM WIDOW

CONTINUED

THE UNREAL EVENTS of the past year have made Shirley Isaacs feel as though she is revolving inside a kaleidoscope. She remembers: "It happened in a flash—here I was married, a young mother, and a widow too. All in a fraction of compressed time."

The sudden shock anesthetized her—at first. "I kept busy," she recalls. "I went back to Fort Bragg and sold our mobile home and Jeep. Then, instead of letting a lawyer do it, I probated George's will myself. I knew my way around the courthouse because I had worked for our city clerk."

When three wooden crates of George's personal effects arrived from Vietnam, Shirley sorted them out—giving away some of the old uniforms and putting

away the photographs and souvenirs she thought her little girl might cherish someday. She shuddered when she saw that George's green beret, the trademark of the Special Forces, was still smeared with dried blood.

Shirley's main effort since her husband's death has been to rearrange her life to the realities of the situation. After paying the funeral expenses, she allocated what was left from her husband's modest life-insurance policy to a college fund for Sherry. "I always wanted to go to college," she says, "but I never got the opportunity. I want Sherry to have that chance, if she wants it."

The young widow now rents an aging seven-room house that is within walking distance of downtown Phenix City. She shares it with her 61-year-old mother Mrs. Lucy Wooten, twice widowed, who for years supported Shirley and herself by working as a waitress. Mrs. Wooten now gets a Social Security pension.

Shirley also receives a monthly Social



"And that goes double for me!"

Tareyton has a white outer tip . . . and an inner section of charcoal. Together they actually improve the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.

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Tareyton



Two months after George was killed, Shirley got his delayed letter, written on the day he died.

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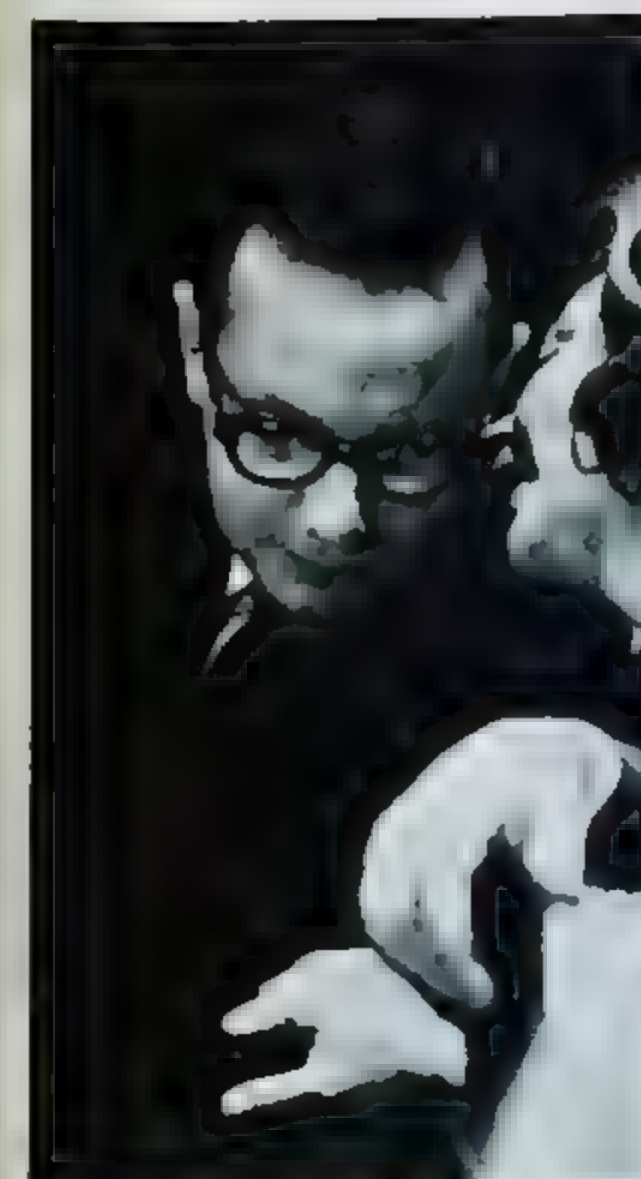


America's TEN OUTSTANDING YOUNG MEN OF 1965

As selected by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce

ONE SERVES THE STOMACH; two others, the mind. Three make outer space their playground; another conducts business from a hospital bed and an iron lung. One writes laws for the nation; another works for the man who runs it. Still another finds his greatest gift is helping people hum a tune. Their fortunes are bright but uncertain: Past winners include John F. Kennedy and Billie Sol Estes.

Busy as they are, America's Ten Outstanding Young Men will always make time for their families—by appointment, if necessary. Seldom do they put off till tomorrow what they could have pushed through a week ahead of time. They laugh a lot, as well they might, and avoid the self-important airs cultivated by so many truly unimportant people. They will meet on January 15 in St. Paul, Minn., to claim their awards and view each other with interest. Nearly all are in their middle thirties, but unlike those who feel their social debt begins and ends with taxes, they have already served and improved the lives of millions.



Bill D. Moyers
Special Assistant to the President

At 14, Bill Don Moyers was good at squashing groceries into brown paper sacks. Now, as the youngest (31), most praised, most publicized of several Presidential assistants, he helps order world events. As White House Press Secretary, this contemplative Texan is now megaphone and inner ear for the President and U.S. Government. He must satisfy the insatiable press on matters ranging from nuclear hardware to the President's gallstones.

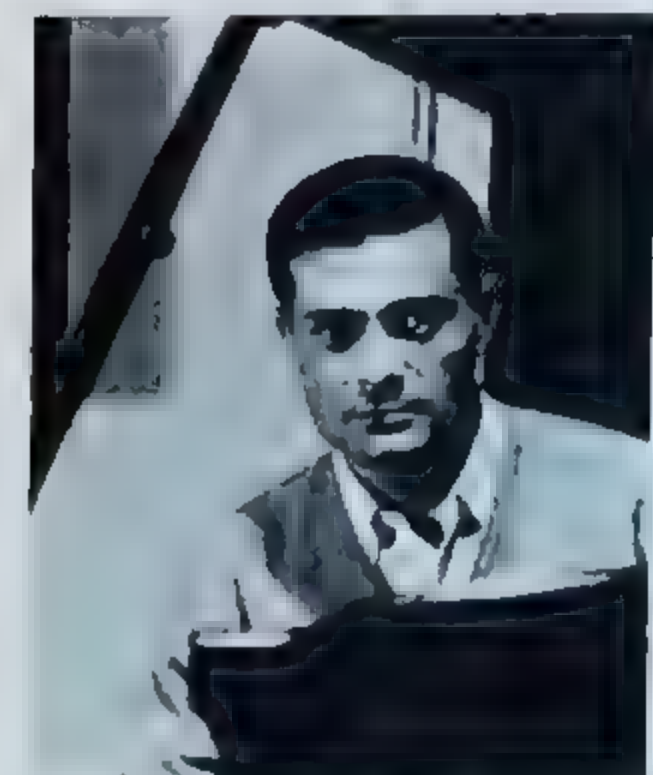
Moyers is filled with sober vitality; he squirms at deserved praise ("a remarkable man," "the most special of the special assistants"). He says the results-hungry LBJ is a "considerate employer," and claims his ulcer has vanished since taking the job. Moyers admits: "I wake up some mornings and wonder if I really work for the President, a sobering thought. Appalling? Not unless I caused some catastrophe through a misstep."



Donald Dickinson Williams
Communications-satellite scientist

Donald Williams, 34, helps load outer space with down-to-earth chatter. As chief scientist at Hughes Aircraft's satellite laboratory in California, Williams programs the launchings and orbits of synchronous ("stationary") satellites like Syncom III, which waited the Olympic Games live from Japan to America in 1964. Most experts agreed that as few as three satellites, each hovering above a fixed position on the earth, would end the need for many costly tracking stations, do the work of 50 orbiting satellites.

The problem was how to propel a spinning satellite into place. Williams's solution: "pulsating jets" that would nudge the satellite at each completion of a spin toward its ideal post. As a child, Williams built "typical things," like carbon arcs and steam engines. Today, the kids are with it: "I saw one fellow experimenting with the magnetic containment of high-temperature plasma—the key to controlling nuclear fusion." Williams foresees a worldwide educational-television network, but wonders, "Would it turn out to be education—or propaganda?"



Jerry Herman
Composer-lyricist

"I've always considered music fun, a hobby—never a serious way of earning money," says Jerry Herman, 31, the composer-lyricist for *Hello, Dolly!*, who is having more fun and making more money these days than

any of his Broadway breed. And New York audiences are glad to keep *Dolly* (Ginger Rogers) where she belongs.

After launching a *President* (*Hello, Lyndon!*), *Dolly* will this year push her way across stages in Las Vegas (Betty Grable), Chicago (Carol Channing) and London (Mary Martin). She has been translated into 15 languages, including Japanese. Herman's reaction: "It sounds improbable—'Her-ro Dorry!'" His first hit (*Milk and Honey*) delighted Israeli spokesmen as "the first account of modern Israel that didn't have a gun in it." Nor will his next, a musical version of *Auntie Mame*. Herman explains, "If it stops being entertainment, I lose interest." Understandably, he deplores the trend toward "message musicals"—social pamphleteering set to dissonant music. "If people whistle on the way home, that's enough message for me."



Edward H. White II
NASA astronaut

Layman: "Good Lord! What was it like out there, dangling in space on the end of a golden tether?" Astronaut Edward White, 35: "There was a lot of talk in the press about emotional euphoria; I didn't have that feeling at all. You work so logically toward your goal, you're not surprised by anything."

The goal reached by White last June: controlled Extra-Vehicular Activity—walking in space—one of the Gemini program's three basic steps to the moon. (The other two: Duration and Rendezvous.) Layman: "How dangerous are the capsules?" White: "I'd rather ride in that thing than an auto." Layman: "What about the preposterous cost of the space race?" White: "Five billion dollars a year—the country spends \$20 billion a year on cigarettes and alcohol." What does arouse White is the large number of children who write in with diagrams and solutions to problems that stagger NASA. "Look at the creative environment space opens up to our children," marvels White.

continued



Ford's Quiet Man recently toured Europe where he visited the owners of some of the world's most expensive luxury cars. His assignment: demonstrate to these distinguished people who obviously are accustomed to the very best the remarkable quiet, the extraordinary quality of the 1966 Ford.

Ford's Quiet Man reports from Paris:

"Such smoothness, such silence... c'est formidable!" said Paris art collector, Jean Bauchet, at the wheel of our '66 Ford XL



"One always thinks a production car has to make noise," exclaimed Monsieur Bauchet, "that the factory can't take the trouble to make everything fit just right. The Ford proves this is not so—it is really astonishing!"

Jean Bauchet is a connoisseur of fine motorcars. His personal car is one of the great, limited edition Facel Vegas—a car that might have sold in the United States for as much as \$12,000. Obviously, he is accustomed to the very best.

That's why Ford's Quiet Man had him high on his list of distinguished Europeans to test drive our 1966 Ford.

Calling upon M. Bauchet in his two-story Paris penthouse



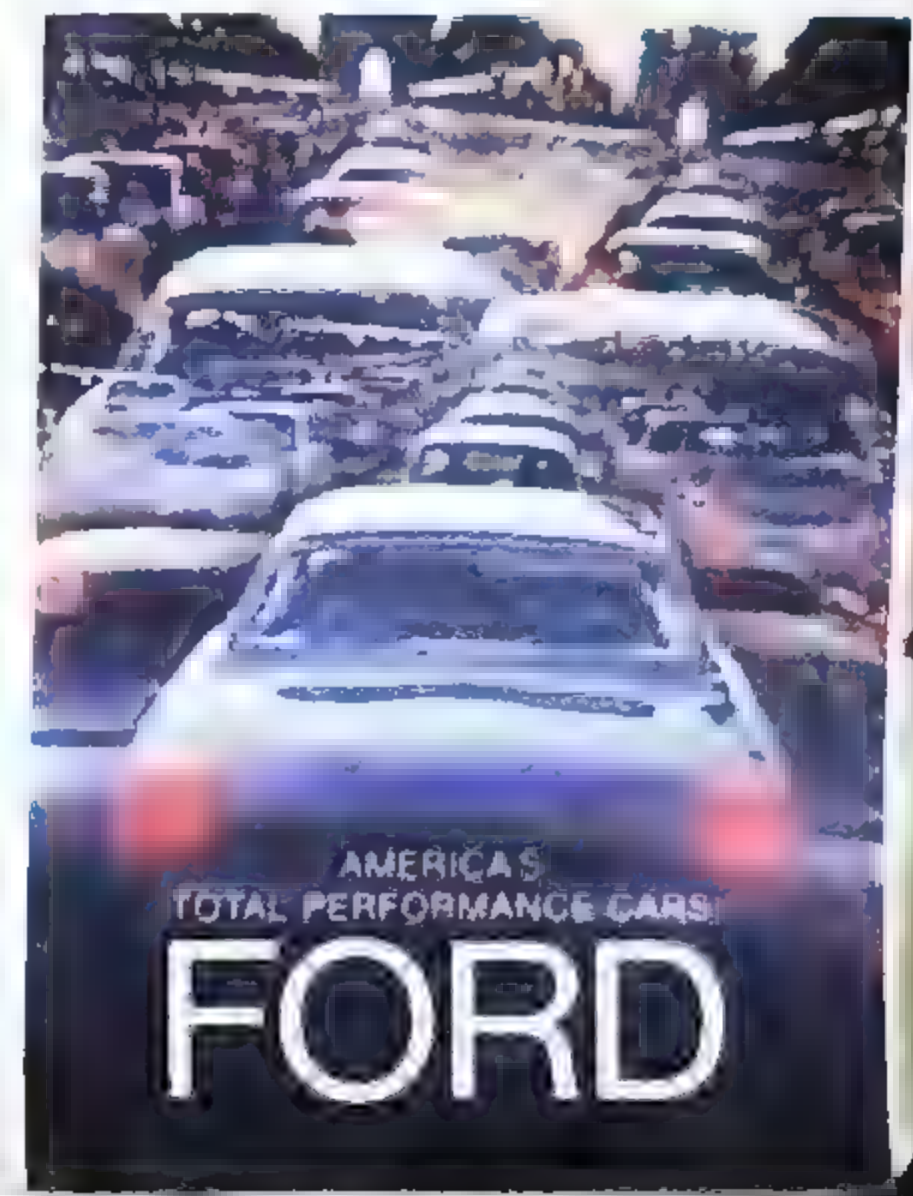
our Quiet Man was fascinated by Bauchet's apparently endless assemblage of great art works: Corot, Picasso, Utrillo, Renoir, Matisse, 525 paintings, much fine sculpture.

But, seemingly M. Bauchet was even more fascinated by the quiet and quality of our Ford XL. "As you can see," he said, "I collect exquisite things. I would like to add this Ford to my collection... it is a fascinating example of the art of the machine, of the way mass industry has made possible great luxury and beautiful design at a price possible for all."

As he drove through crowded Paris streets, admiring the quick, sure response of Ford's power steering and power brakes, he said, "This Ford is friendly. It does what you tell it to do very easily, lightly, obediently. It has very good manners. They would not have to make Paris streets so small if all cars rode like this."

In parting, he said, "This is a true limousine."

Why don't you drive a car like the one that so impressed Jean Bauchet? Test its quiet quality for yourself. Only at Ford Dealers.

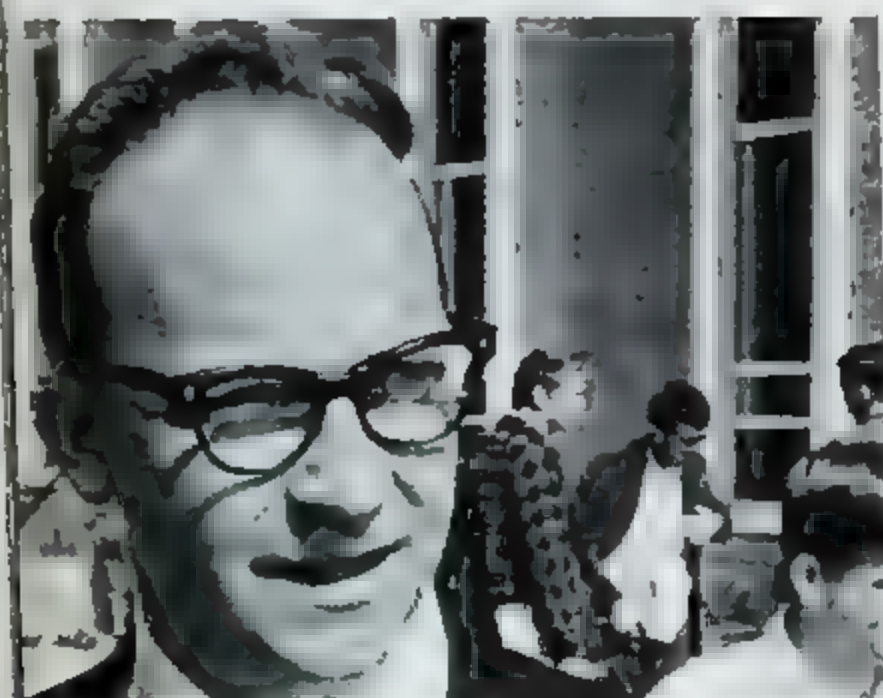




Richard Raymond Chaput
Writer, speaker

The boy peered through a Nashua, N.H., store window at a sinister-looking, barrel-shaped machine—an iron lung. "Boy, I'd hate to be in one of them," said the youngster. Two weeks later, he was. "This was the beginning of a phenomenal creeping paralysis," writes Richard Chaput, 28, in his autobiography, *Not to Doubt*. Even with a tape recorder, the book was not easy to write: Chaput has been paralyzed by polio from the neck down since the age of nine.

Chaput's reaction to being selected an Outstanding Young Man: "I tell you, the Jaycees are pretty hard up when they start carrying 'em in on stretchers." But as a frequent local speaker, he is used to that sort of entrance. Every few sentences, he must pause to swallow air (frog breathing); the iron lung takes over at night. He notes: "If the operation of a human being depended on the use of his hands and legs, I'd be a waste—forget it." Flat on his back, Chaput wrote and produced the local Christmas pageant



Arthur Edward Turner
College president

To a generation of young people who might well mistake the phrase "free enterprise" for some kind of Federal grant, Arthur Turner's credo rings out like a cash register: "The problem is not to find useful work, but men and women who can perform it." With this in mind, Turner asked businessmen about their needs, raised \$100,000 and, at 27, became president of his own college, Northwood Institute in Midland, Mich.

What management needed, he found, was men and women with liberal arts—but enough specialized instruction to make them immediately productive. A typical program at coed Northwood Institute: Fifty-percent liberal arts, 25-percent basic economics and sales; 25-percent specialized study—like automotive dealership. One Detroit-based agency even

wrote out the school's syllabus in advertising. Northwood places 100 percent of its graduates, is opening extension centers in Peru and Ecuador because, the 35-year-old Turner says, "If you're really going to do a job for business these days, you've got to think internationally."



Fred R. Harris
United States Senator

"Won't you come in and eat dinner?" asked the American Embassy hostess in pidgin Spanish. U.S. Sen. Fred Harris (D., Okla.) explained to his wife in English, "I think she wants us to come in and eat."

"Oh, my goodness," wailed the hostess, who was trying to be *simpatico* with her supposed Peruvian neighbors. The Senator and his wife roared; they were the guests of honor. Harris's sense of the ridiculous dates from age five, when, as driver of a horse-powered hay baler, he rode the beast in endless circles, all for a dime a day. He entered the University of Oklahoma as a part-time janitor, left as administrative assistant to the law school's dean. Now, at 35, Harris is one of the few freshman senators ever to head his own subcommittee—Government Research—to end mountainous waste in a Federal program that "makes national policy by accident" and costs \$15 billion a year. Adds Harris: "Government is an extension of each individual's responsibility to others; I don't believe there is such a thing as a self-made man."



Frederick Rogers Adams, Jr.
Egg farmer

First came Fred Adams; then, the chicken; then, the egg—one million chickens, one million eggs a day, \$10-million worth of business a year. The mind cackles. Largest of his chicken factories is near Jackson, Miss. Eggs, chicks, pullets, hens huddle like glum draftees in 170 Army barracks (though ideal temperature, diet rival those of a Miami hotel).

Adams, now 34, "applied the same techniques to egg farming that industry used for years." And his farm is self-contained—from feed mill, to hatching, to raising, to laying, to processing, to packaging. Tired old hens, past their prime, are trucked to a fowl-processing plant called Hens, Inc.—naturally owned by Adams. "If there are any profits in these segments, we have 'em," says Adams, who broods over the need for food in the next decade. His answer: automated hens and assembly-line eggs.



Charles Conrad, Jr.
NASA astronaut

Back in 1957, two young Navy test pilots sat worrying about their jobs. "Being astronauts would ruin our careers as test pilots," recalls Astronaut Charles (Pete) Conrad of a glum session with Astronaut Wally Schirra, when the U.S. space effort was just getting off the ground.

Now, Conrad bristles at the space-age cynic's inevitable question: "What are the practical advantages in the harebrained race to the moon?" "For the Wright brothers, it was the challenge of conquering air—they didn't envision starting an airline. Watt didn't realize they were going to put railroads all over the world when he made the steam engine practical." Last August, at 35, Conrad (with Project Mercury veteran Gordon Cooper) set what was then a world's record (eight days) for manned flight in space, proved man could stay healthy during a fast round trip to the moon. Conrad, who preserved low-pressure calm during a creeping power failure, now admits: "For a while, I thought it was going to be the shortest eight-day flight in history."

END



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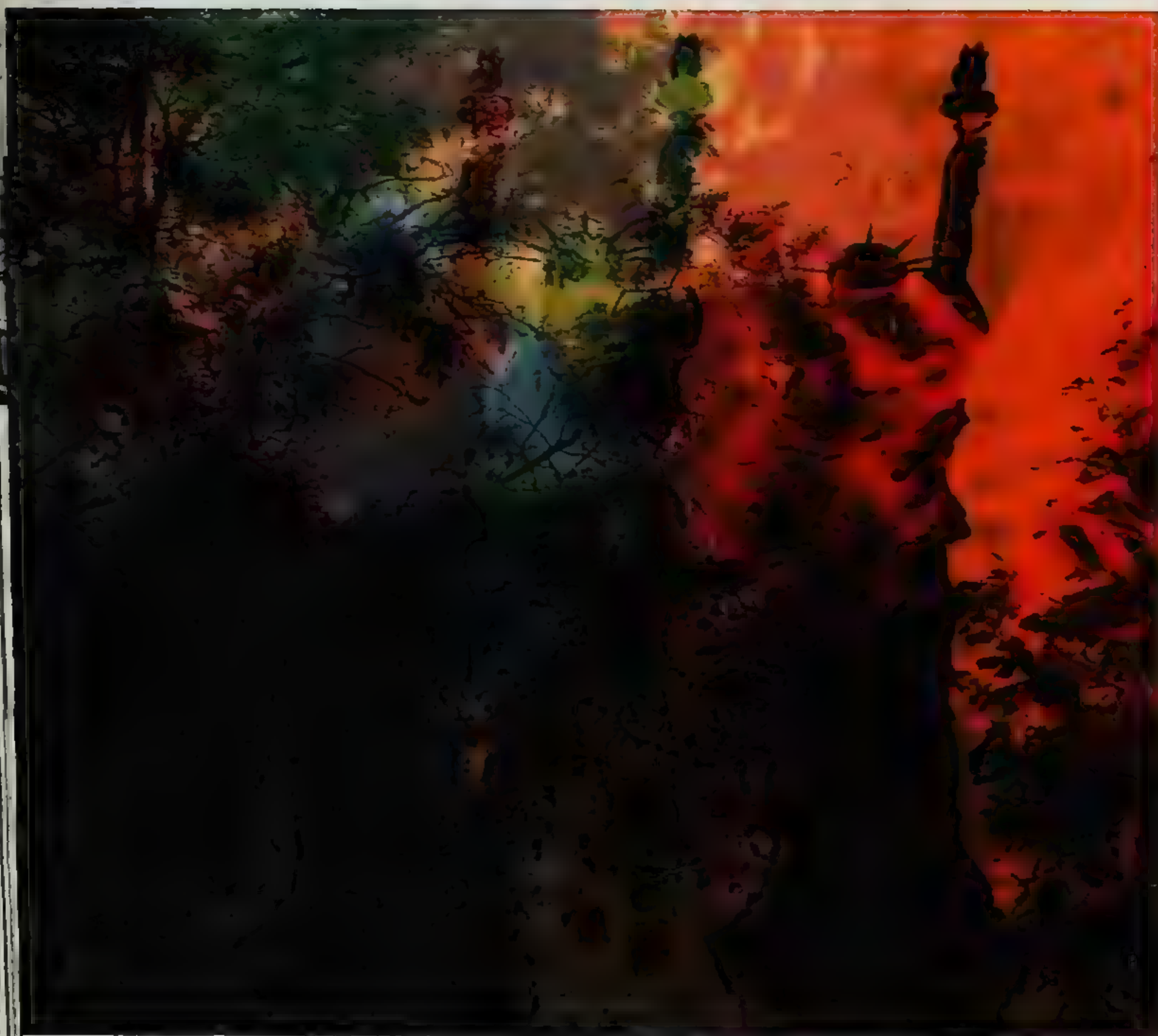
CHEESE IS **KRAFT**

THE DEFEAT OF

GOETTER'S ORDER TO BURN

Paris





Liberty, a replica of the symbol of French-American unity, awaits the arrival of French and American troops from her perch on the Pont de Grenelle. The Germans mined the bridges, but they realized that while ruined bridges might slow the Allies, they would also bottle up the German defenders. Few of them would have escaped the revenge of an infuriated Paris.

General von Choltitz understood the risks when he spared Paris. He would certainly be disgraced, and his family might be killed. His decision to surrender is re-created in the film by Gert Frobe (right), who as Goldfinger was James Bond's sadistic antagonist. It worries no one that Frobe is about eight inches taller and 100 pounds heavier than von Choltitz. But the producers were concerned last month when Israel banned his films—including *Is Paris Burning?*—because, at 16, Frobe had joined the Nazi party.



A heroic force in the liberation was Raoul Nordling, Swedish consul—played here by Orson Welles. Nordling made many trips to von Choltitz's headquarters at Hotel Meurice (left) to arrange a cease-fire between Germans and the Resistance and to pave the way for surrender. Choltitz's last act before capture was to write Nordling his thanks. For the filming, a black-and-white Nazi flag hung from the Meurice because the producers feared that Parisians might riot over the real thing.

PARIS ITSELF WAS THE HERO



The German occupiers fell in love with Paris, but their affection was not returned. Seething Parisians tried not to allow them a secure moment. But the impassiveness of the city, as represented by Les Invalides (above), really frustrated the invaders.

An actual episode is reenacted in the movie. On the road back to Paris, the exulting French pause at Arpajon. A corporal (Georges Poujouley) begs the café owner (Simone Signoret) to phone his mother. Tell her I'm coming. Please tell her I send her kisses.

CONTINUED



CHEERS FOR THE LIBERATORS...

As Allied columns were cheered on their way to the city, Hitler reportedly instructed his high command to learn if his orders were being carried out. "Is Paris burning?" he demanded. The men who 21 years later restaged this and other events of the liberation went to great lengths to endow them with realism. The French Government cleared the Champ-



de-lyses of traffic that would have made Paris look like 1965. Scrubbed-up buildings were photographed through filters that gave them a tired, wartime look. Military museums had up dozens of operating U.S. tanks, trucks and half-tracks. The results were so authentic that though explanations appeared on every paper, police still had to assure call-



FOR THE NAZIS, A LONESOME DEATH

ers that real Nazis were not lying dead in the Louvre courtyard. But there was one serious strain on efforts to achieve realism. Whenever it seemed that a German or a collaborator might be presented in a favorable light, the movie unions threatened to strike.

THE GENERAL WHO DEFIED HITLER



Germans called him
a traitor.
To the French,
he was just
another Nazi.



Choltitz gives up Paris, August 25, 1944.

From the Eiffel Tower twenty years later, he surveys the city he spared.

BY HENRY EHRLICH LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

FRAU UBERTA VON CHOLTITZ had been expecting news when the telephone rang. An old friend, a retired officer, was calling. He asked her to come at once, urgently. She remembers tossing on a shawl—in Baden-Baden that evening of August 26, 1944, the air had turned cool—and hurrying to his apartment.

Her friend came quickly to the point. He had heard the news on the BBC from London: Paris had been liberated by the French and Americans the day before, and her husband, the commander of German forces in the city, had been taken prisoner. Frau von Choltitz walked slowly back to her house, crying lightly and not knowing whether to be thankful or sad. Her father was waiting for her at the door. He embraced her and said, "Never mind, Dietz will go down in history."

She would not see her husband again until the summer of 1946, and it would be almost another year before he would be released from a prisoner-of-war camp. But she would not have to wait that long to learn why he would "go down in history." The news came quickly to Baden-Baden that General der Infanterie Dietrich von Choltitz had deliberately defied Adolf Hitler's orders to destroy Paris rather than surrender. He had sent word to the enemy that he would stage a token resistance, but surrender without a battle.

For this disobedience, von Choltitz was punished in the months that followed. In prison camp in America, he was ostracized by his fellow generals, who, he has told friends, saw to it that he didn't get enough to eat.

Choltitz was too proud to complain to camp authorities, and it was only after he had lost 60 pounds and been transferred to the camp hospital that the Americans realized what was happening. As the General recovered his health, he was moved into the company of more sympathetic prisoners.

Three days after von Choltitz surrendered

Paris, Field Marshal Walther Model ordered him court-martialed *in absentia*. The trial was held fitfully in Torgau, a small city now in East Germany. There were 80 witnesses, but they were reluctant to testify. The judges were to decide: first, whether he could have saved Paris, and second, whether he had planned ahead of time to surrender. No conclusion was ever reached, and the case was dismissed for lack of evidence.

Though most of his fellow officers have melted toward von Choltitz, not all can totally suppress their feelings against him. Generally, they agree that no German would ever have set Paris aflame—regardless of the Führer's orders. "We loved Paris," says Gen. Günther Blumentritt, chief of staff of OB West, the level of command above von Choltitz's, with headquarters at St-Germain-en-Laye, just outside Paris. "We couldn't wait until the war was over to return."

Of von Choltitz, Blumentritt remarks: "He was not a great hero. He was a simple general with a blown-up reputation. He can glory in the credit for saving Paris if he wants. But in fact, there wasn't much else he could have done. In a dictatorship, you play along with the headman. You pretend to carry out his orders. But all the time, you're thinking how to explain your failure to 'your child' [in this case, Hitler]. You nurse him along until his temperature goes down."

Choltitz simply did not have the forces to destroy Paris, and the enemy was drawing closer, says Blumentritt. To demolish a city, mining bridges, factories and monuments is not enough; one must have air power and ground power. Choltitz had none of the former, very little of the latter. Headquarters, which did have the power, could have told him: If you don't do it, we will. But they never did. And so, says Blumentritt, "Legend has transformed the saving of Paris into a situation where only von Choltitz was responsible."

Gen. Hubertus von Aulock, who commanded 10,000 men at the approaches to Paris, also denies that von Choltitz alone saved Paris. He says von Choltitz had ordered him to use his men—the only effective unit available—in a last-ditch battle. But he, too, disobeyed. Had he done otherwise, von Aulock says, the city would have been slowly and savagely torn apart in the street fighting.

Most German officers hesitate to discuss the scornful treatment of von Choltitz by his fellow generals, but Gen. Walter Warlimont, who was deputy chief of staff of operations at Hitler's headquarters, talks openly about it. "The first time I ever saw him," says Warlimont, "was at the POW camp in Allendorf. Other generals there caution me to ignore him, since he had disobeyed orders. He was pointed out to me as a man 'who had not behaved as expected.'" Then, Warlimont recalls the waspish remarks of a colleague: "I don't reproach him for what he did or didn't do, but only because he bragged about it so much."

Neither Warlimont nor Blumentritt will concede that the surrender of Paris caused more than a ripple at their headquarters. It was hardly significant enough to be discussed, says Blumentritt. There was no fabled Hitlerian rage at Rastenburg, Warlimont recalls. The news was broken to the Führer in small stages. By the time he knew fully what had happened, he was already issuing "impossible orders" for the army to stabilize the line of resistance elsewhere—at the Somme and Marne rivers. Blumentritt remembers that the fall of Paris had been calmly anticipated and calmly accepted at OB West. "It was one more defeat we'd already expected," he says.

The French are more charitable about von Choltitz than the Germans. "He has more friends in France than he has in Germany," says Gen. Pierre Joseph Koenig, once head of the French Forces of the Interior and later commander in

continued

This scrappy new American (You bet it's a Rambler!) outclasses every other wagon in its class.

(Big new standard 128 hp engine! More power for hauling! More power for going! More standard horsepower than Falcon, Valiant, and Chevy II!)



'66 Rambler American 440 Wagon

Here's one big reason why our new American 440 wagon out-classes every "Big Three" wagon in its class: The hefty 199 cu. in. six. Stables 128 work-horses. More power than the standard Falcon, Valiant, and Chevy II can muster. (For extra muscle, try our 2-barrel "232".) At least six more reasons, too. Read on.

1. How do you like your seats—straight, reclining, or individually adjustable. Only we've got 'em all—and build them with coil springs, front and back. 2. Roof rack. Included free with every 440 wagon. (Com-petitive wagons? An extra \$40 or more.) 3. "Big 3" car: Cadillac. Adjustable safety headrests are optional. 6. How much?

will to wall...even on that roomy back porch. 5. Standard safety equipment includes padded dash and visors, outside mirror, seat belts front and rear, backup lights, windshield washers plus a Double-Safety brake system standard in only one "Big 3" car: Cadillac. Adjustable safety headrests are optional. 6. How much?

Priced lower than Valiant 200, Falcon Futura and the Chevy II Nova. (Want to save even more money? See the Rambler American 220 II, the lowest-priced wagon made in the U.S.A.!) See the Rambler American 440 Wagon at your Friendly Giant-Killer...your American Motors/Rambler Dealer.

American Motors...where quality is built in, not added on.

*Optional. †Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices.

GERMAN GENERAL CONTINUED

"What do you expect us to do," asks a former French soldier, "erect a great big statue to a Nazi general?"

Baden-Baden of French occupation forces in Germany. Koenig was one of those friends. He offered von Choltitz "honorary soldier's pay" after he was freed, but this was refused "as long as a single German soldier remains a prisoner of the French." During the winters when von Choltitz was in American prison camps, Koenig saw to it that the General's family had a good house and coal. He assigned a gallant French colonel named Jean Gounelle to look after the von Choltitzes. Colonel Gounelle, who literally believes in loving one's enemy, took the family for rides in his own automobile, taught the General's daughters French, arranged for the burial of Frau von Choltitz's father and brought the General home when he was released from prison camp, April 22, 1947.

Just before he was hurried out of Paris after the liberation, von Choltitz left with the manager of the Hotel Meurice, where he had been living, a trunk filled with personal belongings—his dress uniform, books, family pictures. He had planned to pick it up after the war. But one day, while her husband was still a prisoner, Frau von Choltitz begged Colonel Gounelle to get it for her, which he did. Present when it was opened, he was startled to find, lying near the top, Hitler's order to von Choltitz to destroy Paris. No officer except the General had ever seen it. The moment it arrived, he had stuffed it into his footlocker, where it remained until then. Gounelle turned the document over to the French high command, but four years later, when he was leaving his post at Baden-Baden, he asked his superiors to return the paper to the General. This they did. As for the dress uniform, it hangs now where it can occasionally be brought out and fondled.

Though they may grant that von Choltitz did indeed save Paris, most Frenchmen share the feelings of an ex-soldier who recently asked: "What do you expect us to do, erect a great big statue to a Nazi general?" It deeply disturbs von Choltitz that President Charles de Gaulle, whose safe entry into occupied Paris he helped assure, has never acknowledged the role of the German commander. Others have been more thoughtful. He remembers a Resistance leader, now elderly, erect in her somber mourning, who came to Baden-Baden to thank him tearfully for saving Paris. A constant stream of letters from France (few Germans have written) tells him he hasn't been forgotten. Twice a year, he hears from Mme. Jacques Philippe Leclerc, widow of the general to whom he surrendered. "You did the right thing at the right time, under very trying circumstances and against orders," she told him.

Though he has only just turned 71, von Choltitz today seems like a tired and very old man. He is short, square-faced, black-haired, still military. He speaks hardly at all, perhaps because the effort is too much. Yet he walks every day along the hill behind his house to a public bench, where, with his wire-haired dachshund, Eddie, he sits and looks out over Baden-Baden. Behind him is the air-raid shelter that served Heinrich Himmler during the last days of the war. Little about him today reminds one of the stern victor of Rotterdam and Sevastopol, "the bravest man in his regiment" when he was married, the one-time fifth-ranking equestrian in Germany, the correct and efficient army aristocrat who wore his monocle even in the bathtub. He is choked with asthma, as were his father, sister and brother, and cannot stand to be in a room where there is smoking. He has had a



Daily, von Choltitz and his dog, Eddie, survey Baden-Baden from a quiet bench. Behind them is an air-raid shelter that once protected Himmler.

series of heart attacks, which have slowed him down physically and clouded his alertness. Arthritis has made it difficult for him to write. Seven years ago, on a holiday in Corsica, he suffered a head injury while diving. Frau von Choltitz dates the start of his deterioration from his days as a POW, but she says it was accelerated by this accident. Every winter, when his asthma is at its worst, he spends a couple of months at a sanatorium in Bad Reichenhall near Salzburg.

The entire von Choltitz family remembers the prisoner-of-war experience with horror. He was spirited out of Paris very soon after he had turned over the city to the French. His destination was Normandy, but his American driver lost his way, and von Choltitz had to point out the route. He happened to know it because he had come in by the same road before.

In America, he was treated correctly, but the food was bad ("We were given bones to eat"), and it was hot in Clinton, Miss. (The family can never recall the name of this town, and it is not listed correctly in von Choltitz's army record.) He recalls "long-winded political speeches" by American officials, and a disagreeable Polish orderly, who would make his bed and sweep the room and that was all. (For a few days after he returned home, von Choltitz continued, out of habit, to polish his own boots.) There was little to do. While one general tailored suits for himself, and another painted, he worked on a history of World War I. His family says they did not hear from him or know if he was still alive, but his friend, Raoul Nordling, the Swedish consul general in Paris, circumvented the authorities and sent him a lock of hair from his baby son Timo.

In May, 1946, von Choltitz was returned to Germany, this time to an American POW camp not far from Baden-Baden. The rules forbade him to see his wife and children, but his daughter Maria, then 16, was determined nothing would stop her. She talked the guards into letting her visit her father, and promised him she would be outside his window again the next morning. To do this, she had to hide all night in the underbrush that surrounded the prison compound. It was a chilling experience for Maria. The guards knew she was

somewhere in the area, and most of the night she tells it—"A huge Negro beat the tall grass with his rifle butt" as he searched unsuccessfully for her. Later, Maria reported that her father had a "sad, nostalgic look. He seemed all alone."

Frau von Choltitz saw him the first time at Allendorf, his final POW camp. "He was standing in line on the other side of the barbed wire with the other generals waiting to see their wives," she remembers. "Suddenly, a bell rang, and the officers broke rank and ran with their cups for coffee. He brought the coffee to me, embraced me and said, 'How bourgeois and ridiculous I must look; me, your husband, waiting on my wife!'"

"The times were difficult, but we were never unhappy," says Frau von Choltitz. Being able to visit the camp made life easier for her. The farmstead would save up used coffee grounds, which she made into the best coffee she'd had since the war. He also gave her his ration of cigarettes, which she would stuff into her ski pants and jacket and sell for food money when she got home. Her package would bring 100 marks, which was twice her monthly rent. Once, on the way home, the elastic on her ski jacket burst, and the cigarettes scattered all over the floor of the railroad station. It was her turn to look ridiculous.

She always felt that it was she who should be bringing gifts to him. One day, en route to Allendorf, she noticed a long queue of people waiting to buy an unannounced scarce item, so she got in line too. By the time she found out what the item was—great rolls of wrapping paper—she decided to wait it out because perhaps her husband could find some use for it. The General, who had been annoyed by the draftiness of his quarters, glued the paper to huge wooden frames, nailed them together and reduced the size of his room to something quite cozy and comfortable.

He had become morose in prison camp. "He could never bear to be confined," says his wife. "He had even bridled when I referred to him as my husband." He told her he had gone on a hunger strike in protest against his captivity (it could be his later interpretation of the general's plot to keep food away from him), and he wrote on the flyleaf of his Bible his will to die.

After his release, von Choltitz went through the formality of de-Nazification before a court in Freiburg. He was released as a *mitläufer*, which means he simply went along with the party, it was not a member of it. This ruling outraged him. "For God's sake," he told the court, "punish me if you want, but don't classify me as someone who just runs along. I have always led the pack; never followed it in my life."

The most emotional moment Frau von Choltitz can remember, and the nearest to tears she ever saw her husband, was on his return home. He was haggard and mortified in his drab, loose-fitting clothes with POW stenciled on them, and his shoes were two sizes too big. His first act was to hug his three-year-old son Timo, whom he had seen briefly only twice before.

Now he was to write Nordling that, thanks to him, he had avoided committing one of the great crimes in history: the destruction of Paris. "Looking back," he wrote, "we can say that we have both contributed to the union of Europe." In early August, 1944, shortly after von Choltitz reached Paris, Nordling had sought him out. There was a long conversation about plans for

continued



Tip a canoe and kersplash for you when you race over hurdles in New Zealand

1 "One wrong move in a tippy Maori dugout canoe and over you go," writes Gordon Reber, friend of Canadian Club. "After days of practice on New Zealand's Waikato River, I was sure I'd mastered the tricky craft. But then I made a mistake. My Maori friends challenged me to a canoe hurdle race. And I accepted!"

2 "We surged forward from the starting mark. Stroke for stroke I matched my opponents as we swept down the swift stream. For a few triumphant moments, I was sure I would win. Then the hurdle loomed ahead."



3 "I paddled furiously to clear the obstacle. The other canoe glided over. But mine hit the hurdle a glancing blow. In a flash I was floundering in the water!"

land's Waikato River. I was sure I'd mastered the tricky craft. But then I made a mistake. My Maori friends challenged me to a canoe hurdle race. And I accepted!"

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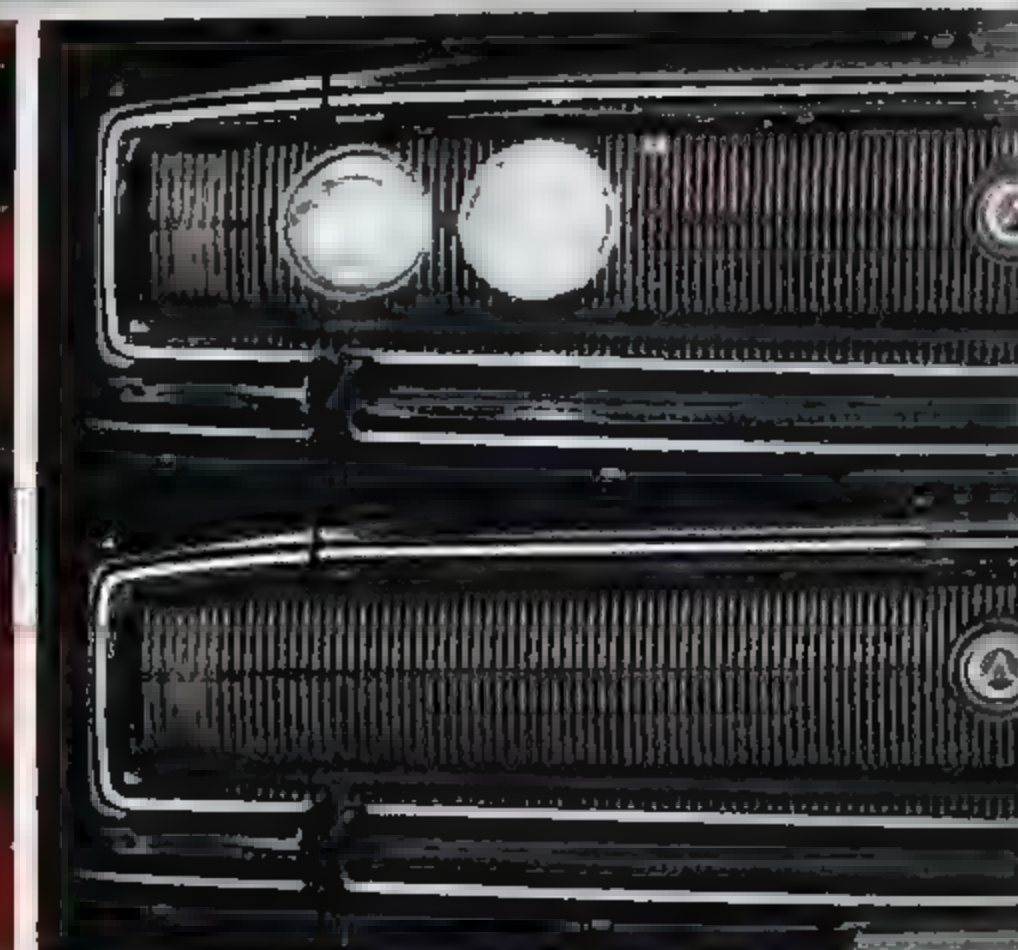
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Soph Mike Warren watches Wooden's passing show.

SHOOTING IS THE LEAST IMPORTANT PART OF BASKETBALL



BY JOHN WOODEN

Now in his 17th season at UCLA, Coach Johnny Wooden has led his team to the national championship the last two years, could go on to a third title.

THE MOST NATURAL desire in basketball is to shoot. When a ball drops through the hoop, scoreboard lights blink, the crowd hollers, the reporters start writing, the coach beams, and the shooter basks in the joy of having completed a job.

But shooting is the least important part of basketball, and I can prove it several ways. A college game lasts 40 minutes. Roughly half of the time, the enemy controls the ball, leaving 20 minutes for your side. The five men on a team generally handle the ball about four minutes apiece. During this fraction of the game, they must pass or dribble to move the ball into position for a shot. Mathematically, it follows that a player spends less than five percent of the game, just a couple of minutes, trying to score. The other 38 minutes, he devotes to defense, dribbling, screen-

ing, pivoting, passing and the other fundamentals. I call shooting the least important part of basketball, not unimportant. You must make a flock of baskets to win, and UCLA goes for the hoop as much as, if not more than, most teams. But you must have possession of the ball and be in a position to make it good. I like my players to work on the principle of the triple threat—they're in position where the percentage on a shot is favorable. They can drive, they can give and go.

What rates ahead of shooting, then?

Balance—physical, mental and emotional—is a primary requisite for any player who expects to come close to making the most of his native ability. A player must keep his weight in balance, know the necessary fundamentals and how to perform them, maintain self-control, be prepared for a

sudden shift from offense to defense, and vice versa, and keep his own importance in perspective.

Physical, mental and emotional fitness seem obvious, but they're much misunderstood. The trick is to build bodies that will work for you in basketball, not to create Olympic weight lifters or championship distance runners. At UCLA, we don't go in for work with barbells and cross-country treks. The basketball team gets its physical conditioning from drills that demand running in a series of starts and stops, moving backward, side-ward, forward, jumping and hopping to build up rebound potential and shot blocking. We spend considerable time on change of pace and change of direction, both with and without the ball. We run drills in which the boys dribble slowly, then go full speed downcourt. They're not only learning to use change of pace, they're building up their endurance through a purely basketball drill. I make my boys do five push-ups at practice, but these are fingertip push-ups, good for the digits that grab at moving basketballs.

There are plenty of jokes about coaches and character building, but I'm not at UCLA to operate a farm system for the professional league. I'm here as an educator, and I try to teach decency through intercollegiate basketball. Furthermore, the better the character, the stronger the basketball effort. Virtue cannot be learned from a play-book or from chalk talks by the coach. It comes from example, and I like to point to Bob Pettit of LSU and the St. Louis Hawks, and Donn Moomaw, who played football at UCLA and is now a Presbyterian minister. Both belong to the growing Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Good character isn't antithetical to outstanding performance. It is not sissy to be a well-mannered athlete. Too much adulation goes to the hard and rough player, whose

continued



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WOODEN CONTINUED

The Lambert theory: The team that makes the most mistakes will win

excesses on and off the field are justified as signs of a desire to win.

Certain natural abilities in sport come through the genes. But given the talent, the question really is, what can you do with it? A boy with tremendous natural ability plus dedication will undoubtedly turn into a headline player. But a fellow with just ordinary physical attributes can, by dedication, become a very good athlete. When, several years ago, Connie Burke first came out for the team, I questioned whether he could ever really help us. But he was a devoted worker. He became a starter in his last 2½ years at school. On my current squad, much the same applies to Doug McIntosh. Because of his limited skills as a freshman and a sophomore, I considered dropping him. But we were short on depth, and he had a bit of height (6' 5½"). Doug kept working at improving himself, and while he'll never be a Gail Goodrich or a Walt Hazzard, he helped make them stars. Burke and McIntosh come as close to realizing their potential as any players we've had.

Positive aggressiveness is how I'd label our style of play. We've caused a lot of comment with our pressing defense. We don't do it all the time, but enough to push the opposition. If they're not in condition, we'll have an easy time by the second half.

When we have the ball, we use the safety fast break—maneuvering the ball downcourt fast with short passes, but keeping control of the ball—instead of the old firehouse fast break that often amounts to just heaving the ball downcourt. If you can catch the defenses moving on a straight line, it's

easier to get by them with a change of direction or a change of pace.

All of this quick moving basketball means that sometimes we're going to lose the ball or be trapped by a mistake. Ward (Piggy) Lambert of Purdue, my college coach, said that the team that makes the most mistakes will win. Lambert's thesis was that if you're not making mistakes, then you're not doing anything. I might not go as far as Lambert, but I'm positive that a doer makes mistakes. That's why we don't play possession basketball. I'd much rather have a 50-percent shooting average with 100 shots than 80-percent of 60 attempts.

I might also add that our style makes a much better show for the spectators, and that, too often, this basic aspect of the game, the pleasure of the customers, isn't considered. While the Los Angeles Dodgers don't plan baseball this way, they're well aware that most people would rather see Maury Wills on first base with a single than have him hit a home run and just trot around the bases.

One thing I never do is talk to my boys about winning. I don't believe I have ever used the word "win" before a game. Fight talks only build temporary enthusiasm. The last thing I tell the kids is, "I'm not concerned with the other team, I'm concerned with you. Just be able to say 'I did my best.'" By dedication, you may beat a better team.

Every player must place the team above the individual. This has the cliché touch, but if a coach insists very firmly upon team play, interesting statistics develop. For example, although it may not hold true for

continued

BUTCH



"Let's just arrest him for unlawful entry. It might be hours before he gets around to stealing something."



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FIRST AGAINST THIRST

WOODEN CONTINUED

"We start with the assumption that every shot will be missed."

every season, if you were to check over the total scoring figures for all of my UCLA teams, you would see that the number of points scored by the forwards and guards come out about even, with the centers scoring about half as much. Such distribution in shooting makes us tough to defend against. The opposition never can bottle us up by stopping one man.

I insist that whoever makes a basket immediately look over at the man who passed him the ball and acknowledge the assist with a wink, a wave or a nod. I've had kids say, "May be he won't see me when I do this." I tell them, "Don't worry, he'll be watching for your thank you."

When Walt Hazzard was a sophomore, he played with a forward named Pete Blackman. After one game, we followed our usual procedure of waiting a few minutes, instead of leaving the dressing room immediately, and looked over the figures for the night. Hazzard saw where he had five points, and Blackman had 17. Walt's conclusion was, "I'm going to have to score more."

Pete, a Phi Beta Kappa and a fine boy, answered, "Statistics are misleading. The coach knows that seven baskets I made came from your passes. All I did was drop the ball through the basket. You should have those 14 points, not me." That was just the attitude I want from my players. Blackman knew he'd get plenty more passes because he gave credit where it was deserved, and Hazzard got the kind of recognition that keeps a kid from becoming an overshooter.

As I said, there's often a natural desire to shoot instead of pass. You have to improve a boy's vision, make him see for himself that he should pass. Sometimes, he can enlarge his peripheral vision through optical exercises. Hazzard had fine peripheral vision and was expert at passing to the right man at the right time.

Seeing, however, is as much a state of mind as a physiological function in basketball. Even a peripheral vision that extends over more than 180 degrees, permitting a fellow to see targets behind him, means nothing if the eagerness to pass is lacking. When I talk about improving a boy's vision, more often than not I'm concerned with a mental attitude—the desire to keep possession of the ball instead of feeding it to a teammate. We have a simple drill to foster the right attitude. We'll work three men on three, and the student learning to see better is not permitted to shoot. He must pass. We give him the habit of looking for teammates to whom he can throw the ball.

Oddly enough, I think rebounding, a seemingly specific physical skill, also depends upon mental attitude. We're often the smallest by height in our conference, but we rank near the top in rebounding. We start with the assumption that every shot will be missed, no matter by whom

and from where. If you wait to see whether or not the basket is made, it will be too late to get into proper position. All you waste, if the basket is good, is a little effort, but the rewards from playing rebounds make the difference between winning and losing. Some 80 to 100 shots per game miss the basket.

Our rebounding technique differs from that of other teams and certainly, the National Basketball Association. We don't try to block the opposition. "Cross in front of your man and go to the ball. Beat him away in his path and beat him," I instruct my players. "No matter what your position, get your hands up. Don't crouch to spring; by having your hands up, you force your opponent away or he risks fouling." As long as my boys keep their elbows in while their hands are up, they are more likely to be fouled than foul.

The actual jumping on rebounding is a matter of rhythm and timing. We do jumping exercises to improve the boys on this. I always tell them, "It's not how tall you are, it's how tall you play." I've seen 6-foot-6 boys play 6-foot-2 and vice versa. I've had 6-foot-7 boys who were high school heroes because they towered over everybody. But in college they couldn't make the team against smaller men. Too many coaches play to height, and if I have one criticism of the pro game, it is the overemphasis upon 6-foot-8 corner men. The pros might be better off with several inches less height and far more mobility in one of the corner men.

Getting back to specific skills, I say there's no reason why a boy can

not become proficient as a passer, if he practices enough. It's a matter of quickness, a short flat trajectory to a definite target. We teach our boys to pass by or through the defender rather than over him; no long-arm passes—and keep those elbows in tight. Every man learns to give the passer a target, keep the palm of the hand up near the chest.

This sort of passing will automatically build better shooters because the principle in throwing to a teammate and throwing to a basket is the same. Our passing technique requires the forefinger to provide the last impetus to the ball. Just as in shooting, the forefinger gives that final impetus and guidance. I believe this to be valid and logical because the forefinger is considered to be the delicate "touch" finger.

I encourage my boys not only to acknowledge a pass fed to them for a basket, but also to let the other fellow know he's made a good defensive play or rebound. "Slap him on the tail to show appreciation."

Frankly, I seldom compliment scorers in front of the other players. But I will pay open tribute to those who did well on defense, on the boards and in playmaking. I'll pat boys on the back for those accomplishments to the press and at luncheons and then be resigned to answering the questions about the scores.

Among the usual questions I get is, "Who is the greatest basketball player I've ever seen?" If you were to take every aspect of the game—passing, dribbling, rebounding, defense and shooting, I'd say that Oscar Robertson of the Cincinnati Royals is the

most complete player in the game. But if you ask me who is the most valuable man, I would have to name Bill Russell of the Celtics. He's not a great shooter, but his timing and reflexes build him into a stonewall defensive threat. When he played for San Francisco, we stumbled over him five times. Players would get by their man on the way to the basket, but somehow, the shot never quite got there as Russell came from nowhere to knock it away. This kind of thing destroys you. The one time Russell is completely out of the play, you're so nervous about him that you blow an easy basket. Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman were barely adequate on defense for the Celtics until Russell came along. He made them tigers. They could afford to take defensive chances because he was there to back them up. With the confidence that Russell could recover over their mistakes, the Celtics became too tough for anybody in the league. Red Auerbach did a marvelous job in bringing Russell to his peak, but Russell had in him the temperament that led him to sacrifice the acclaim of the scorer in return for team success.

By taking the emphasis off shooting, I think you strengthen the idea of team play and make boys not only willing but eager to sacrifice themselves for the group. A raise in pay like a basket makes for temporary joy. In life, I think if you stop to consider your very happiest moments—practically every one of them has been the result of doing something for parents, a brother, a sister, a wife—or for the team as a whole—the 30 minutes you're not so soon.

END



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point is that our other 39 models have personalities equally unique, equally exciting. You name your kind of car and we've got it. From the super-luxurious Brougham in 3 models, to the all-new Tempest with the unique overhead cam engine. And if we've talked you into looking over all 40 of our tigers, don't be ungrateful. At least we've confined your new-car hunting to one showroom. **WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC/'66**



DEBBIE WATSON: SHE'LL BE DANGEROUS AT 20



"I'm not a bit shy. I like to be friendly and close to people. Too many of us are afraid to let loose and relax. I've got to relax, don't I?"

As Tammy, Debbie plays a bayou girl with a philosophical goat



Debbie Watson of *Tammy* (ABC TV) turns 20 this month. It pleases her. She has wanted to be an older girl ever since she came a TV star at 15. In one of her first interviews, Debbie admitted that she was not inexperienced. She had worked as a model and in the theater off Broadway. The claim was valid. She had modeled dresses at a small shop in the Los Angeles suburb of Culver City. She lives with her parents, and her story appears in *Teen* magazine. Beach and Orange County, California, is the home of Debbie's family. It was without failing in the *Picture Palace* that Debbie was considered about the best thing after her look.

PRODUCED BY STANLEY GORDON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB FERNER



Debbie loves it when a Tammy party allows her to wear "something sophisticated."

DEBBIE WATSON CONTINUED

Being a TV star is work.



"This is acting?" she asks, after a plop in a mud puddle.

On Saturdays, Debbie romps with her kid brother, Chris, 6, at a children's playground near their home. Below, they meet on an overhead ladder.

"It seems like years now since I was in high school," says Debbie.

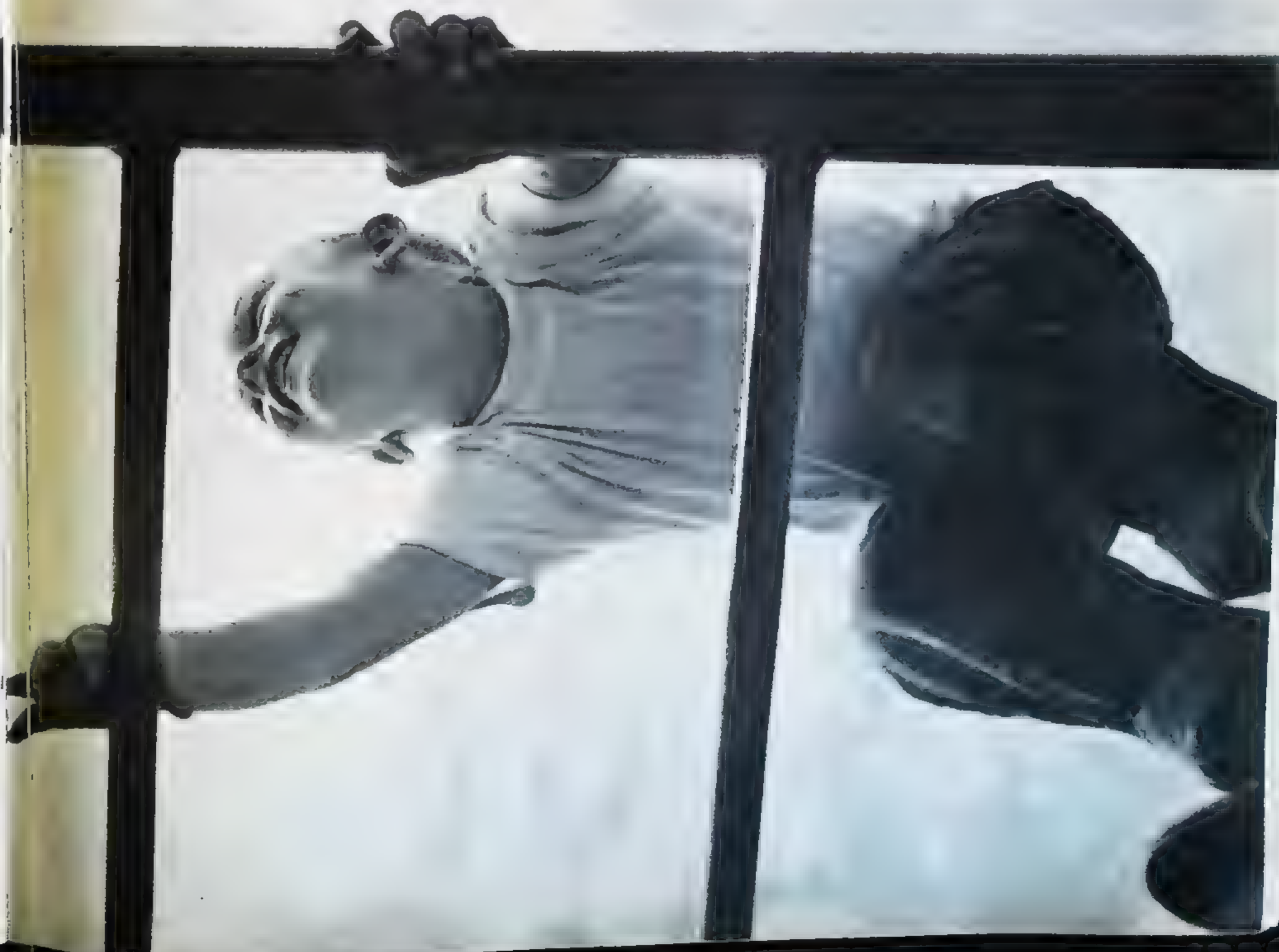


Director Gene Nelson watches Debbie rehearse a scene with actor Frank Mc Grath.

Debbie was all set to become a cheerleader at Buena Park High School when a Hollywood agent tapped her for television in 1963. "It seems like years now since I was in high school," she says. Her first TV venture, *Karen* in the *90 Bristol Court* series, foundered without trace after one season, but Debbie bubbled up last fall as the star of *Tammy*. She loves every minute of it, but she hasn't yet decided that she wants to be an actress all her life. She bubbles all out the future. First, she'd like to be a singer, and then she wants to go to college and be a kindergarten teacher. "I may be work with handicapped children."

On weekends, meanwhile, hardworking Debbie enjoys her hobbies—singing, dancing and acting. She has a new car, buys her own clothes ("lots of capris"), is frugal, but can't keep her checkbook straight. Although she is happy as *Tammy* now, it is likely that in time she will want to try a more mature role. How long, for example, can an all-American girl, a nicely curved honey-blond with hazel eyes and a bright smile, be a Pollyanna wearing blue jeans and playing with a pet goat? Debbie unconsciously may be wondering. Just the other day, she said, "You know, I think I'll use my full name, Deborah. It sounds older."

END





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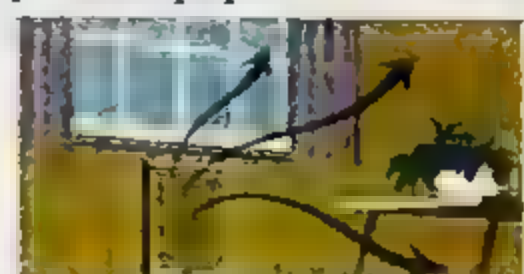
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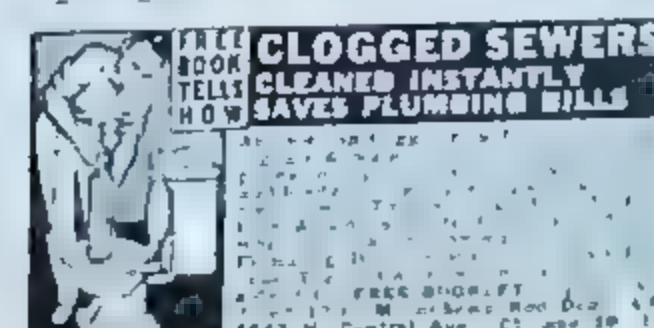
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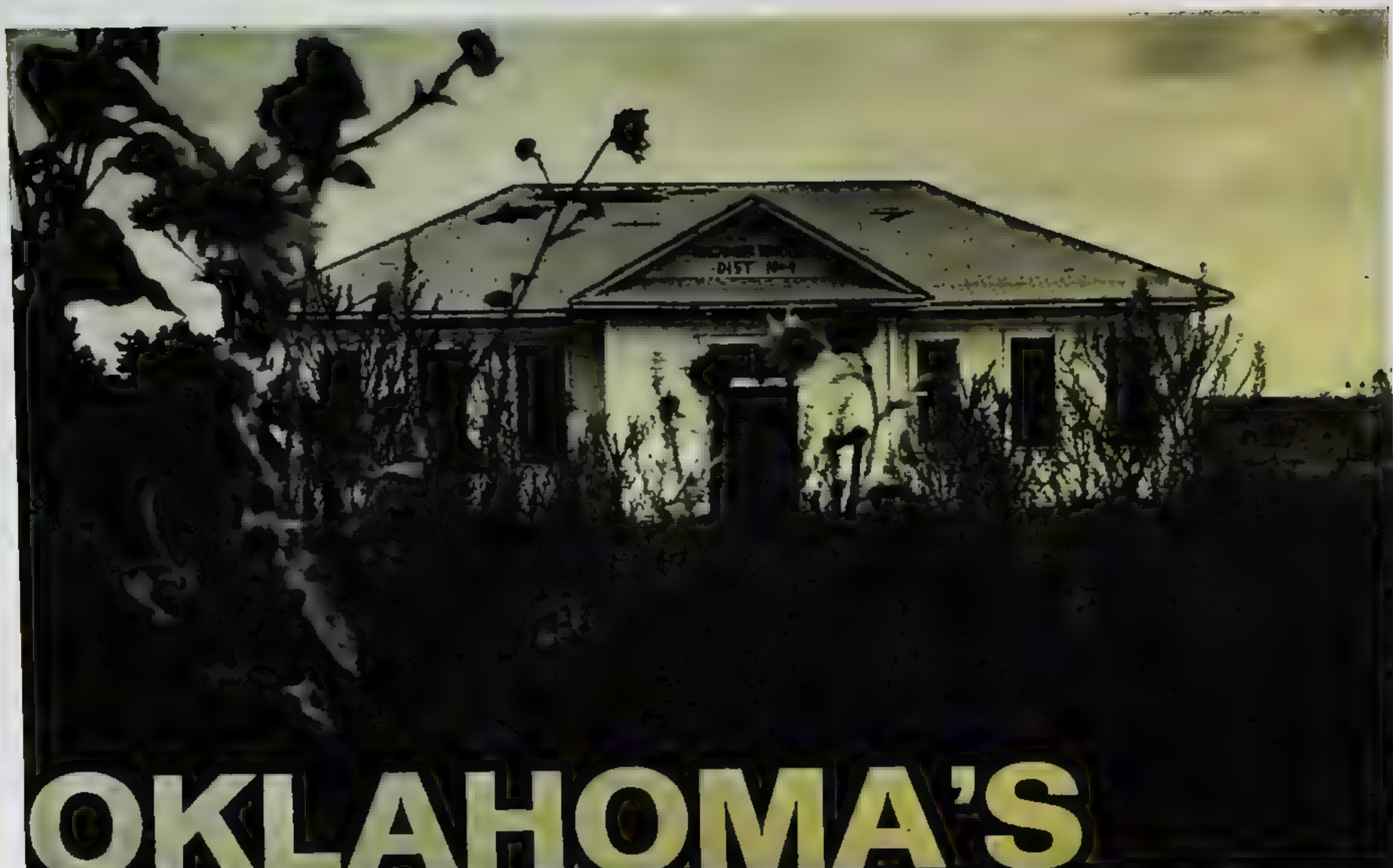
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OKLAHOMA'S EDUCATION WAR

THE LESSON IT CAN TEACH A NATION

BY SHAWN KALKSTEIN

MICAWBER SCHOOLHOUSE, standing alone in high weeds, is a casualty of revolution. It was built about 1907, the year Oklahoma became the 46th state. A year ago last July, its doors closed for the last time. Students and three busy teachers filled it once. Hay bales fill it now.

The slow death of country schoolhouses like Micawber—and the rural communities they serve—is revolutionizing education everywhere. In this revolution, a new teacher has stepped into the classrooms of America. The old country schoolmarm—bookish, unobtrusive and so dedicated to teaching children that she asks for little money in return—is fading. The new breed—college-trained, younger, with kids of his own to support—is replacing her. But the old idea dies hard. Wherever it is kept alive, the new teacher must beat it down with a political militancy strange to his profession. Ever since the Second World War ended, his voice has been heard with increasing force across the United States. Last

year, it sounded in Oklahoma.

For more than a year, Oklahoma's schoolteachers battled its people and politicians, blackwashed its school system and fought for educational improvements and a raise in pay. They held meetings, signed petitions, lobbied in the legislature and stirred up the din of war across the state. "Teachers," insisted Oklahomans, "should be teaching. Not polticking!" But they politicked anyway, setting off the education war that began in the spring of 1964, blazed through the angry months that followed and continues to glow just beneath the surface of a queasy peace.

Oklahoma's education war can teach a lesson to every community in America. It started in the classrooms brought a teachers' union into the state, and reached clear to Washington, D.C., to bring down the heavy hand of the powerful National Education Association.

Last May, the NEA imposed "Professional Sanctions" against Oklahoma, implying the state was unfit to

teach in, and calling its educational system "subminimal in almost every area." The NEA sanctions declared it unethical for an out-of-state teacher to enter Oklahoma to teach. NEA relocation centers to help Oklahoma teachers find jobs in other states were set up in five cities. Newly graduating teachers in Oklahoma colleges were "discouraged" from accepting teaching jobs within the state. And widespread publicity held Oklahoma up to the nation as an example of a state that simply did not care to educate its children.

Oklahomans reacted bitterly. Now, 30 years after the Dust Bowl disaster, they still feel a massive hurt and resentment toward John Steinbeck for writing *The Grapes of Wrath*. In the glare of national censure, an Oklahoma City newspaperman told LOOK: "Once again, we're 'The Okie State.'" And one after another, people in Oklahoma cried: "Oklahoma is getting a black eye it doesn't deserve!"

Does it deserve it? Were Oklahoma schools really subminimal?

The NEA report leading to sanctions focused on some of Oklahoma's worst school problems. But on the credit side, one Tulsa high school ranked eighth in the nation in National Merit Scholarship awards—and Oklahoma's illiteracy rate was lower than the national average.

Still, the steady dwindling of Oklahoma's rural communities and the bursting growth of its cities created a major unsolved problem for its schools. In rural areas, they faced consolidation—one of the rankling issues of the education war. The NEA criticized Oklahoma for its more than 1,100 school districts (since consolidated to 1,019). Some contained only one school, with fewer than 20 students and a poor curriculum. But deep nostalgia kept country schools alive. "I want you to know we have a good school here, and we're proud of it!" one teacher said in her one-room building. She teaches 18 students in six different grades at once. "We've got a Christmas program and a pie supper," she said. "School here is

continued

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A fiscal mess, crowded schools and teachers afraid to speak up, lit the fuse for war

more than school." To keep hers alive, she moved into a mobile home in the front yard and gave the "teach-erage"—like the vicarage in a church—to a local family with seven kids. If they were to move away, her district would have to consolidate.

But she could at least give her students individual attention—while burgeoning city schools bulge with more students every year. Oklahoma City still needs 50 new classrooms a year just to keep up with growth. One high school built for 1,500 must now take 2,100. Tulsa's system is "critically overcrowded," a situation that, harried officials admit, is "routine with us year after year."

Battling the crowds, urban educators try mechanical aids, TV and team teaching. Short of classrooms they bring in portable buildings that leak or are poorly heated. Still, many offer their students a rich curriculum of foreign-language, fine-arts and American-biography courses.

Yet their requirements remain great. Tulsa still needs another 135 teachers in its programs for retarded, handicapped and gifted children. It needs more guidance counselors, psychologists and laboratory equipment. One school had 35 microscopes for 700 biology students last year, with only two electrical outlets for their substage lamps. "Free" textbooks were in short supply. Students

could not take them home to study.

But "subminimal" was not the word for Oklahoma's entire school system. The education war was not, as sanctions may imply, a simple revolt against a poor school system. Many urban and rural schools worked valiantly to deal with their problems. And the problems themselves were not peculiar to Oklahoma.

But Oklahoma's fiscal policy had for years shortchanged its educational needs through a combination of uncollected taxes and poor management. Although total funds available in 1964 had almost doubled in ten years, they were not enough. Local property taxes, the basis for school support, were poorly administered. Assessments fell short in rural areas, where many homeowners paid little or no taxes on their property. Rural voters fought statewide equalization of assessments. One man living in a \$19,500 house paid taxes on just \$1,500 of its value. Rural schools had to be supported by state-aid funds, largely derived from urban taxes.

BUT EVEN state-aid funds were scarce. For years, tax money voted for schools had been drained away for other purposes. With much of its budget earmarked in advance, the Oklahoma legislature could appropriate less than half of the total. Here again, rural voters fought "un-earmarking" of funds. They felt that any budget overhaul would benefit those rich cities, but not themselves.

Without fiscal reform, Oklahoma's teacher pay scale was 37th in the nation. Rural teachers may have been content—everyone else in town earned even less. But in the cities, they were pinching to make ends meet. Many moved out of the state or were forced to take nonteaching jobs. The education war took a long time to explode because many of the most articulate, who might have been leaders in battle, left. No one noticed that Oklahoma was slowly losing many of its better young teachers.

Those who remained grew bitter. When their old college friends invited them out to dinner, they couldn't afford to go. They moonlighted to support their families. They pumped gas in all-night service stations. One made more money in one week mixing dog food than in two weeks teaching school. Another admitted to a growing frustration that interfered with his teaching. "There's no way to make it, financially," he said, "without additional money from some source. The house I had to live in, it wasn't healthy for my kids. And the neighbors, a mechanic and a carpenter, made \$1,000 to \$2,000 more. You

get to thinking, 'What was all that studying for in college?'"

The Oklahoma Education Association (NEA's local affiliate) claimed it was "public lack of interest" that held down teacher salaries. But the 75-year-old OEA, in its own internal politics, had not been responsive to the teachers at the grass roots. School administrators—many of them rural and interested in the *status quo*—dominated its board of directors, helped lull the "disinterested" public into misinformed complacency, resisted efforts to consolidate their own schools and pressured teachers not to "stir up trouble." Some principals "suggested" that teachers ought not be politically active. "People in the community wouldn't like it," they said.

For a long time, teachers remained quiet, but conflict set the stage for



Fiery
Tamara Brooks
organized
Teachers' Wives:
"What teachers
can't do, their
wives can!"

crisis at last. Because of OEA's support for the losing candidate for governor in 1962, the new governor, Henry Bellmon, and OEA Executive Secretary Ferman Phillips were locked into an almost personal feud. Bellmon vetoed an OEA-sponsored \$10.4-million teacher pay-raise bill. "The money didn't exist," still claims Bellmon. When he instead appointed a "Blue Ribbon Committee" to study the long-range needs of Oklahoma's schools, it was too late. Restive teachers had already begun to move.

At an OEA meeting in Sapulpa, they had delivered an ultimatum. Without vast pay raises, they would strike. The Sapulpa Plan came as a

shock to OEA leaders. Though it never materialized, it was a sign. Teachers had begun to speak. Their early rumble would soon become a roar.

Shrewd Ferman Phillips, feeling the mass of teachers moiling under him, responded. Early in 1964, the OEA brought up four statewide petitions for educational improvements. If enacted, they would provide an increase in local property taxes, a pay raise for teachers, consolidation of many rural school districts and new duties for county superintendents across the state.

TEACHERS campaigned with all the vigor of men finally allowed to speak. They broke through the tradition of meekness, appeared on television, distributed leaflets in shopping centers, telephoned voters.

But one of the petitions—State Question 423—chafed people in rural areas. It required the consolidation of any district not maintaining a high school. Out of one such district, resistance came. Dale Porter, a Kay County school-board president, was deeply concerned about saving his son's school. His 36 pupils enjoyed all the advantages of an excellent education, generously supported by local taxes, in one of Oklahoma's wealthiest rural areas. "All [SQ 423] meant to me," says Porter today, "was it would raise my taxes to send my boy to school in Ponca City, and he'd get a whole lot poorer education in those crowded conditions." In February, 1964, he mustered rural school-board members across Kay County. By April, he had formed and become president of the statewide "Oklahomans for the Preservation of Local Education." When he wasn't getting the support he needed to defeat SQ 423 by itself, he campaigned against all four questions as a package. He was dubbed "the man against education." But his backing began to grow.

As election day drew near, Phillips saw he would need a favor from the Governor: a special election, with its greater chance of success. But with OEA *persona non grata* at the capitol, no favors were forthcoming. The four questions would go to a vote in the November 3 Presidential election. By November 1, the American Federation of Teachers had union representatives in Oklahoma. Militant teachers had already begun discussing AFT membership among themselves if OEA's effort were to fail. The OEA was sitting on the edge of its seat.

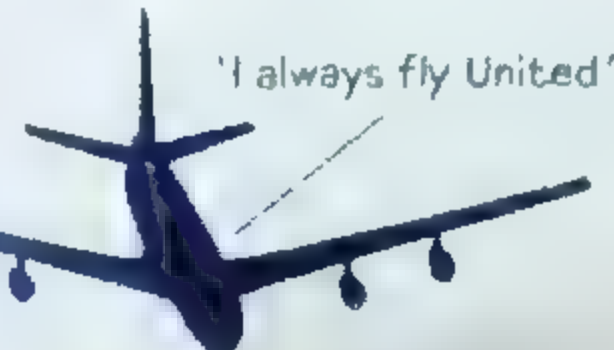
Tuesday, November 3, Election Day: All four State Questions failed. Teachers, who had so much riding on the outcome, recoiled "as though we'd been slapped in the face." They had felt the public's attitude—so negative that it shocked them. "It just broke our back," said W. Dee Mitchell, president of OEA's Classroom Teachers Association in Tulsa. A thousand pent-up bitternesses came to a head. Midwest City speech teacher and new CTA press secretary Jay Smith vented his feelings: "They said we were of great value to them—at their PTA continued



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EDUCATION WAR CONTINUED

Governor Bellmon was due to meet with teachers. Told of NEA sanctions, he never showed up.



Royce Crutchfield:
"People say,
'If you can't do,
teach.' Well,
I've personally done
many other things."

meetings. Then they said we were of no value to them—at the voting box."

Wednesday, November 4: An odd, spontaneous thing happened, Oklahoma's classroom teachers suddenly rose up in a body, without leadership, to protest. Midwest City CTA leader Tom McMichael described it. "For a while—the big thing happening—no organization controlled it, including the OEA. This thing happened so fast, I don't think anyone could've been ahead of it." Said Jay Smith, "... the OEA [is] running scared." Visiting AFT men had their chance to call it ineffective. OEA seemed in imminent danger of losing its membership. The uprising leapt from Midwest City to Tulsa, back to Oklahoma City. It erupted, it exploded, it raced like a prairie fire. Its spark crackled and sputtered among the new, younger teachers. New leadership burst out of their ranks. Telephone lines buzzed angrily back and forth among Midwest City's 21 schools. The talk was of "rump" meetings, striking, joining the union. There were wild plans in Tulsa: 15 percent of all teachers would be absent on Monday, another 15 percent on Tuesday, Wednesday, and so on.

Thursday, November 5: Teachers met in the Midwest City High School auditorium and expelled the press. "There were people you wouldn't expect would be radicals at all," said McMichael, "making impromptu speeches, mad and unreasonable, hot. This was revolution!"

Friday, November 6: Midwest City teachers called for a statewide "Professional Day" on Monday, asking Tulsa's teachers to join them. Tulsa CTA leader Dee Mitchell called Superintendent Dr. Charles Mason and said, "I'm going to ask the teachers to come with me to Midwest City next Monday. I have reason to believe if we don't go, there'll be picketing

may be even a strike." Mason agreed if teachers would take no more days off that year. Midwest City's realistic and able Superintendent Oscar Rose willingly granted the day off Monday, challenged his teachers. "Let's make this Professional Day the most profitable day Oklahoma ever had!"

Monday, November 9: Incensed teachers from 75 towns met in Midwest City. They compiled their "suggestions" into 11 points, including demands for a \$1,000 salary increase and a state tenure law. With AFT waiting in the wings, Phillips knew OEA had to join forces with these militants or it would die. NEA trouble-shooter Richard Morgan came to Midwest City. When he met McMichael across a school-cafeteria table and a cup of coffee, neither knew what he was getting into.

ONCE BEGUN, the turmoil would not be contained. Teachers went to the legislature to lobby. Governor Bellmon proposed "Operation Giant Stride"—a program of wildly imaginative promises to meet teacher demands. Teachers rejected it as impractical. Their wives organized an association of their own. On January 13, they marched on the capitol, demanded—and got—an audience with the Governor. Teachers' Wives' president Tamara Brooks is a natural firebrand with no political experience. She mustered wives, threatened to boycott businesses, even crashed an OEA Board of Directors meeting. In the legislature, she confronted state representatives, told them: "If you all don't believe I've got to take in ironing to make ends meet, you just give me those white shirts you're wearin', and I'll iron 'em for you!" Teachers' wives, she says, are freer than their husbands. They are less subject to administrator pressure.

Meanwhile, NEA and OEA were busy. An NEA investigating team spent three days in an Oklahoma City hotel room

Although they saw no schools, they interviewed anyone with a grievance and drew heavily on the Governor's own Blue Ribbon Committee report. They then found Oklahoma's school system "subminimal."

On March 6, the OEA imposed statewide sanctions against Oklahoma. On April 27, Oklahoma voters defeated a proposed sales-tax increase planned for pay raises. Teachers again spurred the OEA to action. On May 11, at the biggest meeting OEA had ever held, 8,000 teachers voted four to one to boycott schools in the fall. The OEA Board of Directors balked at so drastic a step, called the vote "a consensus." But at the same meeting the NEA announced that, for the second time in history, it would bring professional sanctions against an entire state. Governor Bellmon was due to address the meeting. Minutes before leaving the capitol, he learned of NEA sanctions. He never showed up.

The sanctions hit hard. Oklahomaans were incredulous. School administrators had always told them their schools were good. Newspaper headlines blared: "The NEA Lynched Oklahoma." Governor Bellmon called sanctions "unjustified... disgusting." Months later, he admitted his feelings toward them: They reminded him of *The Grapes of Wrath*.

TEACHERS came under fire. Sanctions seemed "a laborlike approach." But labor leaders disclaimed them as a tactic, called them "a weak effort to appear militant." NEA's Morgan disagreed. "They are ten times more effective than a strike," he said. "Professional sanctions are the Association's declaration of war." Ferman Phillips shrugged. "It's nothing but a bunch of publicity," he grinned. "But it sure has attracted an awful lot of attention."

Publicity is a powerful weapon. It

may have hurt business in Oklahoma. Its effect, according to optimistic Stanley Draper of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, is "more imaginary than real." But he is alone in this view. Out-of-state businessmen asked the Oklahoma Public Expenditures Council, "Are you going to have schools next year?" Governor Bellmon later told the *Tulsa Tribune*, "Sanctions certainly did have some effect on Oklahoma's industrial growth." The manager of a new \$1-million plant was hit with the sanction problem just as he was trying to relocate 100 out-of-state employees in Tulsa. "I didn't know if I'd have a couple of hundred people stand up and ask me about it or not," he said.

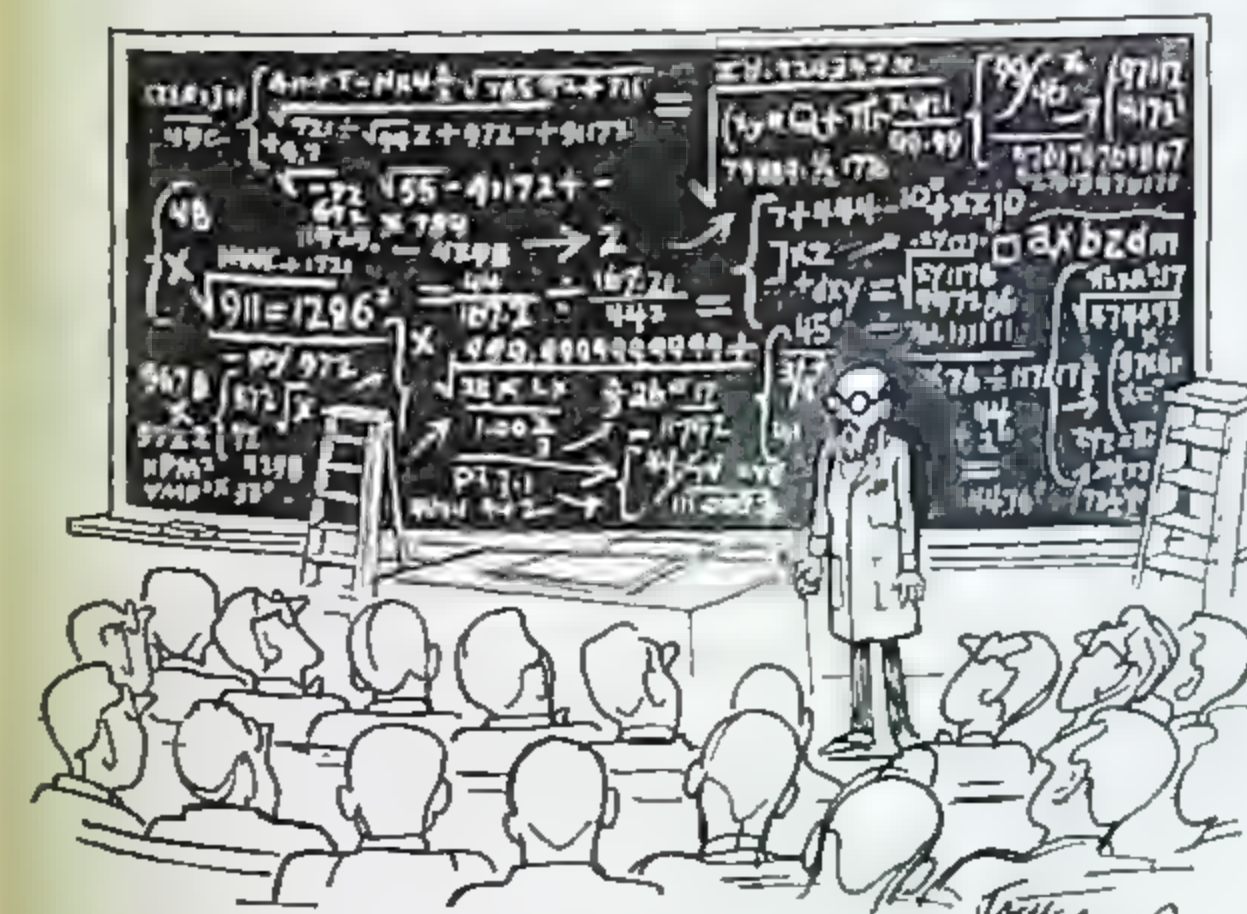
A double-edged sword, sanctions also laid bare rifts between educators. Some administrators, in violation of sanctions, hired out-of-state teachers who would come to Oklahoma. A "censure petition," circulated at an OEA meeting, named superintendents Jack Parker of Oklahoma City and Charles Mason of Tulsa. Parker insisted it was his job to hire any teachers he needed. "There was nothing in the sanctions instructing teachers to teach less well," he said.

Sanctions were unquestionably the most telling blow dealt in this war. Without them, nothing unusual would have come out of the legislature. In July, on the last day of the session, it voted a 25-percent increase in state funds to raise teachers' salaries an average of \$558. Funds for textbooks were increased. But most important, the legislature made its first attempt to correct the rural-urban imbalance in Oklahoma's school fiscal mess. Now, the more a district taxes local property, the more state aid it can receive. Rural districts that can't raise a set minimum per child, must consolidate. They can no longer rely on more state-aid money—paid into

continued



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"It is desperately wrong for principals to squelch teachers...."

the general fund out of urban taxes.

But \$558 was not enough—for teachers who had wanted \$1,000—to end Oklahoma's education war. Other problems remained untouched. The war dragged on. All summer, an NEA emergency fund, set up to aid Oklahoma teachers grew. NEA relocation centers received job notices from school districts all around the country. On August 11, the OEA Board of Directors met in Stillwater to consider lifting sanctions. But OEA had come a long way since before the war began. By this time, classroom teachers had a majority on the Board of Directors. Prodded by the young AFT and influenced by growing militancy, OEA had by now become more responsive to the urban grass-roots teachers, less to the rural-thinking administrators. In Tulsa, Dee Mitchell allowed that the legislature had voted a lot of money, "but we'd been suffering from malnutrition for so long, we needed more than that." They refused to lift the sanctions.

DISAPPOINTED, Governor Bellmon cast about for a tactic. Almost pulling Attorney General Charles Nesbitt back from a summer vacation, he prepared to sue both the NEA and the OEA for libel. Nesbitt readied the petition, hoping to enjoin NEA from continuing the sanctions and to collect \$10 million in damages. At issue for the Governor: Could a state defend itself against an outside organization's "irresponsible" charges? And for the NEA: Do teachers have the right, through their professional association, to air their grievances? But as soon as Nesbitt was ready to go to court, the Governor pulled back, decided to await further developments in the war.

With the lawsuit hanging like a sword over everyone's head, a new education proposal, State Question 430, came up for a statewide campaign. It would permit local districts to vote a greater maximum property tax, if they wanted to, for school support. This time, the PTA took the lead. There were no teachers handing out leaflets in supermarkets or stumping the state. The OEA stayed in the background. Conversations among friends, quiet electioneering and "a grapes and telephoning campaign" filled the days before election. The AFT solicited endorsements, raised \$500, and supplied bumper stickers to PTA's across the state. Everyone supported SQ 430 except those few rural school administrators who knew increased local property taxes would not help their under-assessed districts. "Why should I vote for \$30," asked one, "when Oklahoma City gets 160 times more money from its property tax than we do?"

But on September 11, SQ 430 passed in a special election, by more than two to one. With the incentive to improve local districts that could

now use their own money for their own schools levied the additional taxes in a rapid series of local elections. Some voted the maximum, planning to reduce class size, begin new programs, raise teacher salaries.

This was "an important step taken to improve the state's schools." On Saturday morning, September 13, the OEA Board of Directors voted 164-9 to lift its own six-and-a-half-month-old sanctions. On September 24, after 136 days, the NEA lifted national sanctions. On Wednesday, October 6, Governor Bellmon announced he would drop his lawsuit. Oklahoma's education war had ended.

It had raged for a whole year, careening through the state in a series of fiery battles, leaving bruises and bitterness in its wake. It had brought new legislation and the first faltering steps toward fiscal reform that have begun to improve the education picture in the state. But there are still problems. Politicians and administrators will no longer be able to shut their eyes. A teachers' tenure law and further tax reform are absolutely necessary. More money will be needed, especially to reduce class size. The NEA must continue to show results. Teachers are quiescent—for the moment. "But we won't go crawling into our holes for another 20 years," says speech teacher Wayne Murrow of Choctaw. "If it becomes necessary we will prepare for another fight."

Much has emerged out of Oklahoma's education war. There is PAC (Political Action Committee for Education), an independent action group inspired by the OEA to organize teachers politically and help them work in campaigns, even run for office. "Political clinics" and "workshops" held last August and November brought Oklahoma teachers together with others across the country who have learned how to bring about fiscal reforms and even elect whole town and state governments.

There is the concept of "Professional Negotiations." In some cities classroom teachers, administrators and school-board members develop in continuing negotiations, an understanding of each other's problems and limitations. But Tulsa AFT President Ed Powell (recently elected temporary president of the newly-formed Oklahoma Federation of Teachers) feels these negotiations are fine only as long as everyone agrees. "They just don't have any teeth," says Powell. "They're a 'nice device' to filter out any controversy before it gets to the school board." He prefers collective bargaining.

Conflict between the angry, growing AFT and the established OEA interlaced every battle of the war, and continues to smolder just beneath the thin surface of peace. Teachers in the union's ranks are those who grew angriest and most determined during the war. They are not laborers, but

they bristle at the use of "professionalism" to mean "complacency." They feel the OEA is a monolithic establishment—with teachers its power base for political survival, kept "in line" by administrator pressure. "They don't see that it is desperately wrong," says OFT President Powell. "For principals to squelch teachers for having independent views." He wants "an organization based on the teacher," not "a company union . . . that permits management to join with employees." The OFT, now just under 1,000 in membership, is still small. But it is a "Gideon's army" says Powell, "and growing one by one."

Powell challenges OEA's right to represent Oklahoma's teachers. He particularly opposes the Board of Education's support of OEA. He is taking the issue of "favoritism" into court. But Tulsa Board of Education President William Butler, adamant in the deadlock, insists: "The Board of Education will decide who represents the teachers of Oklahoma."

CAN THE Board of Education retain the luxury of that decision much longer? School-board members and administrators who believe it can are not thinking creatively about Oklahoma's problems. Faced with militancy and rebellion, they insist on business as usual. But the education war has changed all that.

What emerges from Oklahoma's year of infighting, in a spontaneous revolution all his own, is the new breed of teacher. Against the background of decaying rural communities and exploding cities, he has burst upon the scene with a very loud voice. He is young, alert, aware, professional. He is "dedicated," but "being dedicated," said one, "doesn't mean I have to have holes in my rug." He has left dying rural towns behind and now faces the weltering city and

its yoke of anonymity and competition. "I am here," he cries, "and I want to be recognized!"

He has brought Oklahoma a lesson it can teach the nation. The new teacher has entered classrooms everywhere. Although the AFT is small in Oklahoma, the NEA competes with it nationally for the loyalty of teachers who will seek out the most effectively militant group to represent them. Sanctions in Oklahoma, and before that, Utah, are a demonstration to teachers in New York and Pennsylvania that the NEA can do more than pass resolutions at conventions. Forty thousand teachers in New York's United Federation of Teachers stirred up a near-strike last September. A local AFT group last February won representation rights for Philadelphia's teachers. There have been strikes and walkouts in Pawtucket, R.I., South Bend, Ind.; a sit-down in Hamtramck, Mich.; picketing in Louisville, Ky.; trouble in Perth Amboy, N.J. The NEA has imposed local sanctions in Florida and Ohio. Richard Morgan now considers Florida—on the local level—"the most explosive spot in the country." On November 2, Ohio voters defeated a sales-tax increase for education. They may have begun a familiar chain of events that could, within months, lead to an education war there.

Oklahoma was not, after all, the "Okie State" of an earlier day—it was a theater of war. And Oklahoma's education war was part of a grass-roots revolution of national scope. A new generation of teachers is putting down the old rural idea and speaking out for its role in an urban society. They are revolting not against, but for—recognition, for a new role, for a voice. In Oklahoma last year, they fought and won. Before they are through, their revolution may sweep the nation. **END**



"We haven't chosen his college yet. We're waiting to see how he does in kindergarten."

STEP OUT FRONT IN '66...in a Rocket Action Olds!



Just what did Oldsmobile have in mind building all those extras in a car as low-priced as Jetstar 88? You.

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We never forget who's boss. You. That's why we build so much extra into Jetstar 88. Things like extra-smart looks. Extra-comfortable coil-spring ride. Extra-responsive Rocket V-8 Engine. (Premium or regular gas versions—your choice, no extra charge.) Looking for a Rocket to fit your pocket? Look at a Jetstar 88. Priced low—right down with cars in the popular-price field! **LOOK TO OLDS FOR THE NEW!**



New Chevrolet Series 70000 heavy-duty, El Camino pickup and Fleetside pickup with camper body in Colorado River Canyon, Utah

LONG TRIPS ARE SHORTER WITH CHEVY WORKPOWER!

There's a trip-shortener for you — that big Series 70000 Chevrolet pictured at left. Brand-new for '66, it makes time fly on long highway hauls with an extra-efficient 92-inch cab design that brings you the best yet in big-truck riding comfort and handling ease. This is the biggest Chevy ever built with a GCW rating up to 65,000 lbs. and new power plants, V6 gasoline and V8 diesel, that know how to shrink the miles as well as the costs!

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That's the way it goes — with extra ease and less expense — whether your Chevy's a big multi-axled tandem, a city size diesel, a versatile Carryall, an El Camino, or you name it. If you're ready to do something about shortening up on overhead, just see your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.



BUILT FOR BIGGER THINGS IN '66!

Dog at cross-porpoises

*A merrily mixed-up Dalmatian
defies nature and flips
for the dolphin way of life*



Undaunted by sharklike fin cutting sparkly lagoon surface, dog tries to tag porpoise "it."



He gets only flipper across chops for efforts. Mammals themselves, porpoises swim like fish.



*Dalmatian does more successful imitation
of porpoise at feeding time.*

ALBERT IS A DOG. He is also a kook. Albert lives near a lovely lagoon in Hawaii. In the lagoon live three jolly porpoises, and each day, Albert joins them at their watery games. "Albert is a kook," they say. (Porpoises can talk.) "He thinks he is a porpoise. Let us show him otherwise!" A slow swimmer, Albert soon learns his lesson: If God had wanted Dalmatians to act like porpoises, he would not have assigned them to fur houses.

Continued

Low-priced electric service
makes something or other
old-fashioned every day.



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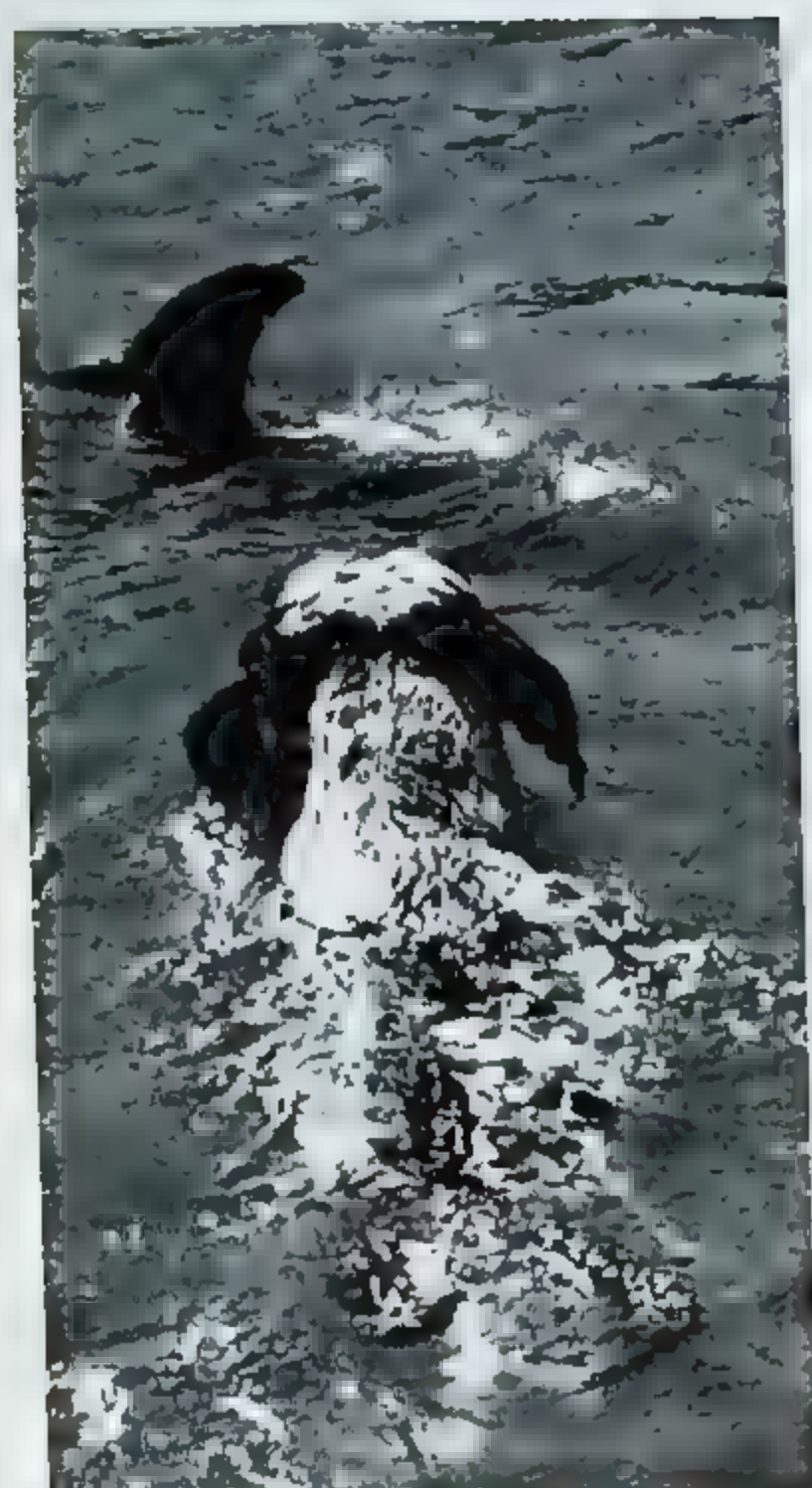
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Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Names of investor-owned companies available through this magazine. Watch for "Hollywood Palace" on Saturday, February 12, 1960, 7-8 P.M. Eastern Time, on ABC-TV.

DOG CONTINUED



Après-snack, Albert again chases dorsal fin, finds that dolphins (as porpoises are also called) swim five times faster than he dog-paddles

Most regal of dogs,
Dalmatians also have
a sense of humor

A breed apart, Dog quite as porpoises upstage him with pas de trois. Really no fools, Dalmatians have a history as coaching dogs, fire mascots—and hominy circus clowns

END



BEEN TO

DJERBA
VAIL
COURCHEVEL
ELATH
GLYPHADA
KNOKKE
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ISCHIA
PORTILLO
SKHIRAT
SWAT

LATELY?

WE



HAVE!

Take SWAT VENTURE stopped by a short time ago—a few months after Elizabeth and Philip's visit. Met the Wali. Nice fellow, but not exactly a baseball buff. Seems he had to change his title from

away that book. Travel's exciting and a travel magazine should be, too.

VENTURE's editors know the difference between

volume a visual and tactile delight. A page of 100 pages at leisure, to peruse at length. Lays out color photography. Lustrous, enameled paper stock to contrast with the richly textured leather cover. Heavy, lacquered portfolio bindings to protect and handsomely display the unique 110-point monogram on the deeply embossed front panel. Each issue carefully carried to reach you in mint condition.

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the usual nuts and bolts approach to the well-worn travel circuit. VENTURE's editors have thrown

lay-it-down travel experience. Artists, engravers and printing craftsmen are instructed to make each

VENTURE

The Traveler's World
488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022
A publication of Cowles Communications, Inc.

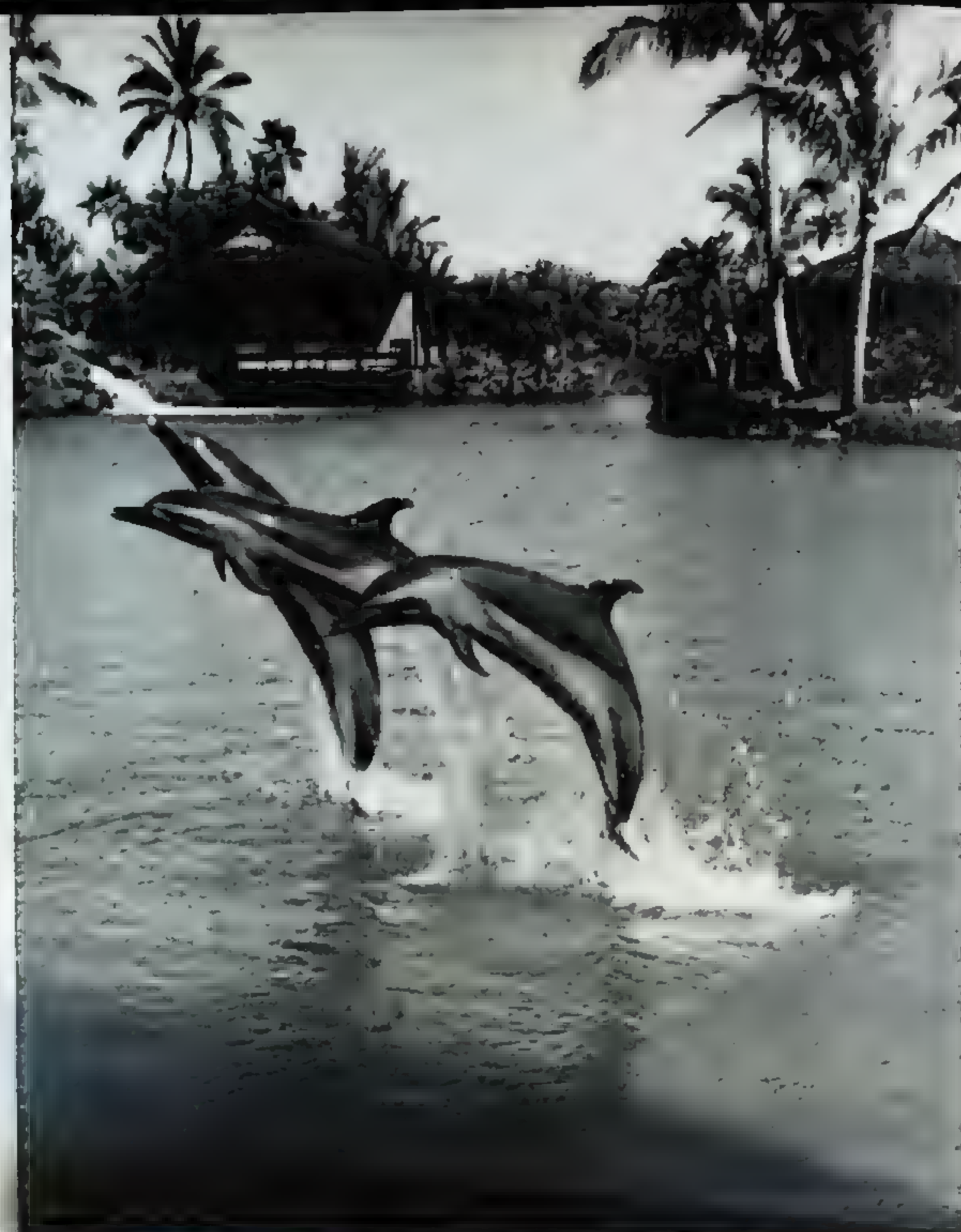


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END



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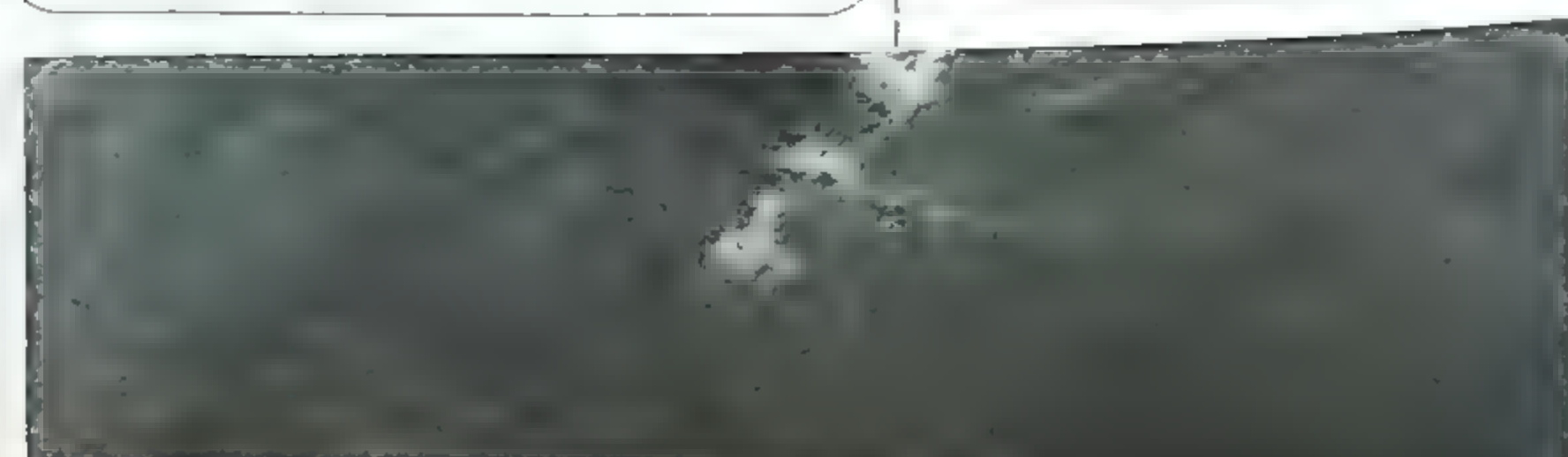


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LATELY?

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HAVE!

Take Swat. VENTURE stopped by a short time ago—a few months after Elizabeth and Philip's visit. Met the Wali. Nice fellow, but not exactly a baseball hit. Seems he had to change his title from Sultan of Swat to Wali (Governor) the year the Babe hit 60. Too many bad jokes. But if the Babe had ever seen Swat, he'd've changed his name to Wali. The Babe knew good living when he saw it. So does the Wali. So does VENTURE. (Swat: Political state of Pakistan. 159 auto miles from Rawalpindi. Mountain climbing, antelope hunting, white poppy culture. That's what it has. What it's like is something else. VENTURE knows—and tells.)

After Swat, VENTURE slipped over to Beirut. Rubbed shoulders with some of those shifty-eyed little devils who come there to watch the bikini-clad beauties and trade a few missile secrets without everyone making a big fuss. Poked into a few places even a money-mad Lebanese cab driver might not know about, the El Khodr Mosque where St. George slew his dragon, La Grotte aux Pigeons where dining on mozzas, tabbouleh and kebbeh make for a glutton's paradise. Then on to the tables of Casino du Liban to risk a pound or two and have a nightcap on the edge of Junieh Bay.

Sound intriguing? Want to get inside places like Skhirat, Morocco's little-known beach paradise—or Portillo, Chile's skiing mecca of the Andes—or Elath—or Marbella? Get inside the new issue of VENTURE. Great writing, dazzling color plates. Not the usual nuts and bolts approach to the well-worn travel circuit VENTURE's editors have thrown

away that book. Travel's exciting, and a travel magazine should be, too.

VENTURE's editors know the difference between things to see and things to remember. Sure, VENTURE admires Westminster Abbey, but then it hops the underground for the canals of Little Venice to experience the London you'll treasure long after the British Museum is a dusty memory. Certainly VENTURE climbs the Washington Monument, but then it guides you to the cobbled streets of Georgetown to savor a side of the Capital you might never think to see.

Hang tradition—VENTURE asks contributors (Joseph Alsop, S. J. Perelman, Patrick O'Higgins, Graham Greene, Eugenia Sheppard to name a few) to get personal, describe every sight, smell, taste and emotion they feel, first person. Some good—some bad. All reliably frank.

And the piece de resistance—VENTUREGUIDE—an entire section in each issue. Factual, travel-tested tips on each featured area—the best labor in Tokyo—the best steak in Denver. The good little restaurants in Dublin, the tiny but elegant hotel in Rio, the true backstreet bargains in Rome and Athens. What to go out of your way to see—and even what not to waste your time on in rushing!

VENTURE's editors believe nothing should be spared to create for every issue a thrilling, can't-lay-it-down travel experience. Artists, engraver and printing craftsmen are instructed to make each

volume a visual and tactile delight. A color plate, page at leisure, to peruse at length. Lay on a clean, glossy photograph. Lustrous, enameled stock to contrast with the rich tinted linen. Heavy, lacquered portfolio bindings to be proudly and handsomely displayed. The unique 3-D picture on the deeply embossed front panel. The carefully cartoned-to-protect-in-transit cover.

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To play the chase, at dealerships stop at VENTURE special table, or at Portillo's, or at Porto Cervo. Start traveling the VENTURE way.

VENTURE

The Traveler's World
488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022
A publication of Cowles Communications, Inc.

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Smoked delights A new cook-book, *San Francisco Firehouse Favorites*, contains hundreds of recipes, all concocted by city firemen



New honor: a best-dressed face.

A unique service, "Be My Guest" allows American Express credit-card holders to transmit meals by Western Union. Members may wire guests an invitation to dine in any participating restaurant in the U.S. with expenses charged to sender.

On his days off, CBS-TV sportscaster Jack Whitaker (below) relaxes by tuning in on his fellow announcers. His water-repellent country suit of walnut-toned, Angola cabretta leather is made by Craft of Canada, has a \$160 tab



Sportscaster tunes in on time off

Dinner "grams," cosmetic queens, upper-level love

Beauty authority Max Factor joins the legion of listmakers with a new category—The World's Ten Best-Dressed Faces. He selected the winners not just for their beauty but also for their clever use of cosmetics to enhance particular facial characteristics. Top faces (in alphabetical order): Joan Crawford, Lynn Fontanne, Dame Margot Fonteyn, "C-Z" Guest, Audrey and Katharine Hepburn, Lena Horne, Jacqueline Kennedy (left, above), Jean Shrimpton, Pauline Trigere

The Vanderbilt Athletic Club on the third floor of New York's Grand Central Terminal harbors two enormous indoor tennis courts with vinyl-grass floors. One of them is seen below from the office of club director Geza Gazdag, former coach of the Hungarian Olympic soccer team, with his mascot Maxi



Hungarian coup: terminal tennis

"Fate Psychical Tours"—18 days of ghost hunting in haunted buildings in Italy, France and England—are planned by Alitalia Airlines this spring. The \$850-odd tariff includes transportation, hotels, most meals. Séances and palm readings, extra

Tobacco road A set of seven pipes, one for each day of the week, in a crocodile case goes for \$2,750 at Alfred Dunhill. Three pouches of Masterpiece tobacco come in a book containing a witty tale about the product's blends



A family that lifts never drifts

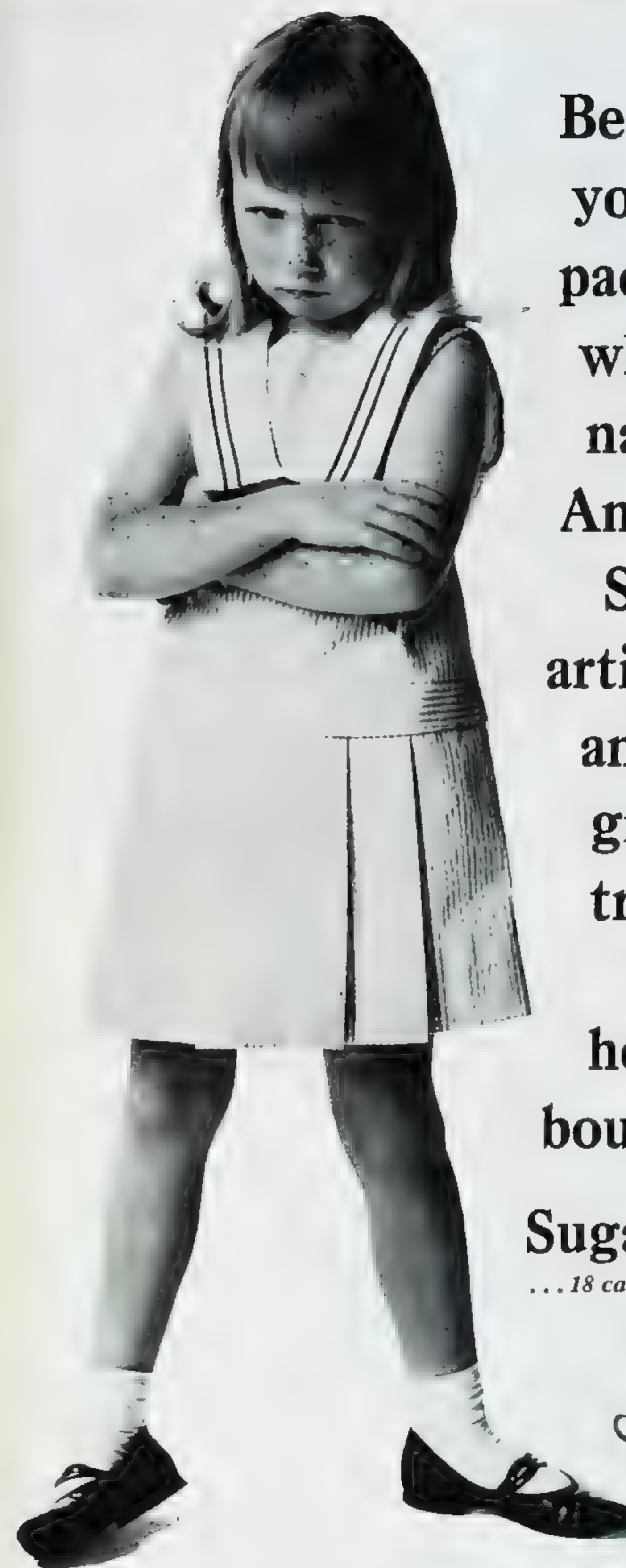
Light and write notes from Scripto, Inc. Low-cost butane cigarette lighters (\$5 to \$10) load from the top, have a slim, classic look and feature flame-height control for safety. "Scriptip," a 39-cent fiber-tip pen available in eight writing-color choices, is also a marker

Bruce Randall of New York City once weighed 401 pounds. Combining a high-protein diet with a daily program of weight lifting, he lost 218 pounds in 32 weeks and became Mr. Universe in 1960. Now (left), Randall works out with wife Adele (an ex-"Miss Torso") and Bruce, Jr., age five, on equipment from Diversified Products Corp. which has retained him as director of physical training and education

Attractive geometric shapes in eight contrasting colors, or solids, make up Staver's Colorline desk accessories, below. Among them: from center, clockwise, note pad, paperweights, memo boards, cigarette lighter, pen and holder, book ends, letter rack, pencil traps. All may be bought separately, with or without magnetic devices to hold correspondence, papers and clips



Desk-work brighteners in assorted colors and sizes, some magnetic



Betty is cranky. She's too young to know how to pace herself. Walk? Not when she can run. So naturally she gets tired. And cross.

She needs energyless, artificially sweetened foods and beverages like a grasshopper needs a trampoline.

But put some sugar in her life, and watch her bounce back—fast.

Sugar sweetens dispositions

... 18 calories per teaspoon—and it's all energy

Note to Mothers:

Exhaustion may be dangerous—especially to children who haven't learned to avoid it by pacing themselves. Exhaustion opens the door a little wider to the bugs and ailments that are always lying in wait. Sugar puts back energy fast—offsets exhaustion. Synthetic sweeteners put back nothing. Energy is the first requirement of life. Play safe with your young ones—make sure they get sugar every day.

Sugar Information, Inc., P.O. Box 2664, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

LOOK
ON
THE

LIGHT SIDE

EDITED BY
J. M. FLAGLER



"I don't care what the item is. I want it out of the window, off the shelves, out of the store!"

THE NIGHT THE LATE, LATE MOVIE WENT MAD

"I can't take your case, Miss Lu Rue. You're a very beautiful woman, and my fiancée might not understand..."

"All right, Rocco, we'll let you off just this once. But if you ever rat on us to the cops again..."

"But, Mister Belasco, I do appreciate the chance to go on for our ailing star. I just don't think I'm quite ready yet..."

"Kilbane, I've never seen a more miserable botch. How did you ever get through medical school?"

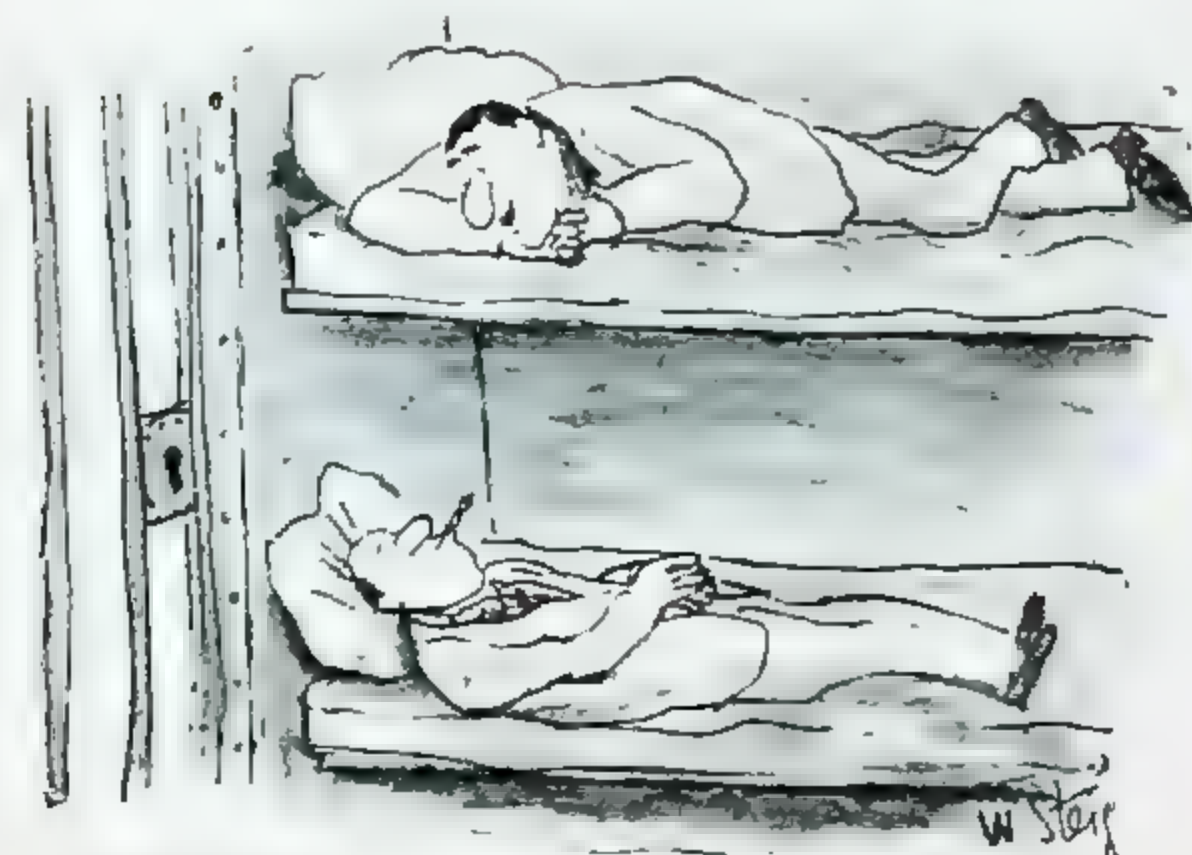
"I'm not going. It's seventy-five miles of swamp, fever, quicksand and crocodiles. She's just not worth it..."

"Gee, whiz, Buzz! I just got back from a mission. It's your turn to fly one..."

JEROME GILLMAN



"You're in luck. We happen to have a vacancy."



"Knock, knock."



is turning sweet sixteen—and getting a Bulova watch.

To celebrate a big day in an unforgettable way, there's no gift like a watch—and no watch like a Bulova.

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When something happy happens—it's Bulova watch time

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LOOK
ON
THE

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EDITED BY
J. M. FLAGLER



LOOK 1 15 66

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JEROME GILLMAN



LOOK 1 15 66

"You're in luck. We happen to have a



"Knock, knock."

W. Steig



Birthday girl's joy: a beautiful "Goddess of Time" from the Bulova line. 20 carat diamonds. 14K gold. \$1,495.

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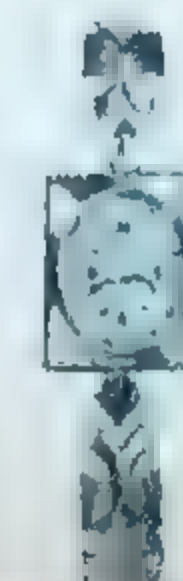
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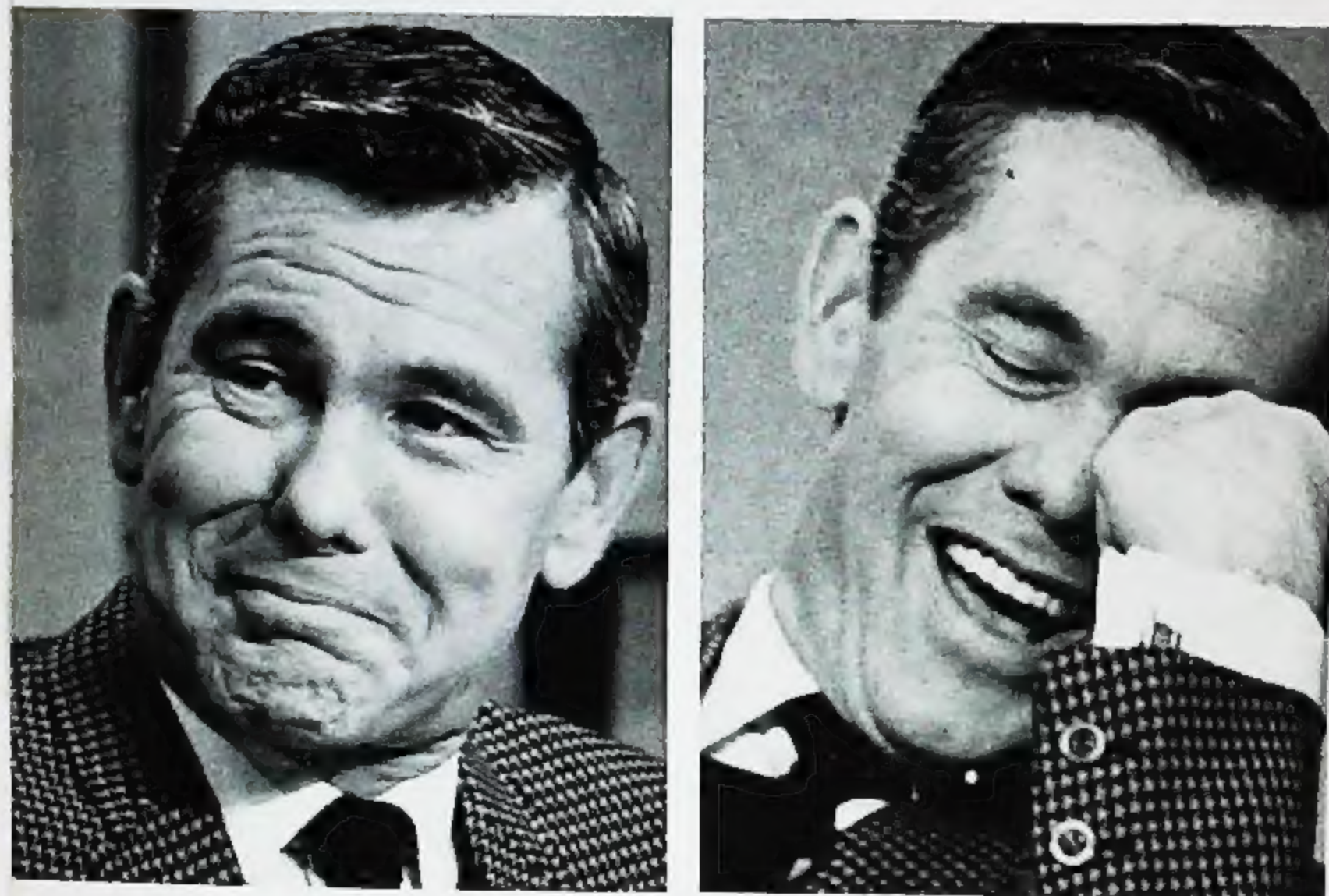
When something happy happens—it's Bulova watch time

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Johnny Carson, the prince of chitchat, is a LONER

JOHNNY CARSON is that nice boy from Nebraska who makes about \$400,000 a year. Six nights a week, on the *Tonight* show, he keeps eight and one-half million Americans amused, or at least awake. His wife is so mad for him she can hardly get it out in words: "Johnny—is my whole life." Johnny Carson is fine, thank you. The only thing that bothers him is people.



Tonight-show hosting depends more on reaction than action. The "Who, me?" double take and the big breakup are Carson specialties.

At 6:46 p.m., he stands backstage, heckling the commercial. At 6:47, a drum roll and a scream—"He-e-ere's JOHNNY!"—drown him out. At 6:48 (the show is taped), he's on. Carson's most dazzled fan is his wife, Joanne, shown opposite at her husband's opening in Las Vegas. For four weeks, at \$40,000 a week, he sang a song, did a comedy act,

continued



**"I don't mind
a crowd of
people in
an audience.
I'm detached
from them."**

"Put it this way—we're not Italian," says Dick Carson, who traces his brother's "loner-ness" to an emotionally unattached family. "Nobody in our family ever says what they really think or feel to anyone else."

PRODUCED BY
BETTY ROLLIN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
STANLEY TRETICK

"I HATE ALL THAT kissy show-business stuff. . . ." "I think the most boring thing in the world is an opening at the Copacabana. . . ." "I don't owe the public a damn thing but a good performance. . . ." Anyone who cares knows, by now, that Johnny Carson is given neither to emotional hemophilia nor to the kind of cozy familial allusions that lit up as often as the applause sign in Paar days. And show-business column watchers who scan Seen-at-Sardi's lists are as likely to find Greta Garbo's name as Johnny Carson's. His wife Joanne says that, although she and her husband "go to the Giant games," they "haven't been out to dinner in three months."

That Johnny Carson is a private person, that his sense of privacy extends to his guests on the *Tonight* show, is an unqualified relief from the sort of offstage showing-off and onstage true-confessions that characterize so many other TV personalities and programs. When Eddie Fisher appeared on the show, Carson said afterward, "I wouldn't embarrass him by asking him about his divorce, any more than I'd want him to ask me about mine." Stars who previously avoided TV for fear of being conversationally undressed—Joan Crawford, James Stewart and Ella Fitzgerald, for three—now mount the platform of the *Tonight* show with relative ease.

But writing off Johnny Carson as a private person with nice manners is like describing the Beatles as a singing group that gets paid a lot. Whether he is drumming on his trinket-laden desk in his carpeted, windowless dressing room, or sunk into one of the soft-beige cushions on one of his beige sofas in his beige New York apartment, Johnny Carson, off camera, is testy, defensive, preoccupied, withdrawn and wondrously inept and uncomfortable with people. As he perches on his office swivel chair (further back than the manufacturer had in mind), his head seems to connect only to the back of his neck. He gets up. He sits down. He drums to soundless music with drumsticks, pencils, anything in sight. He hums wordless songs. ("What? Oh, sure. Dum da dee dum da dum.") Each short sentence is punctuated with a smile that goes on and off like cold tap water.

"What's the matter?" says Mr. Carson, when questioned about his less than convivial manner. "I'm friendly, aren't I? I'm polite, aren't I? I'm honest!" Then: "All right, my bugging point is low. I'm not gregarious. I'm a loner. I've always been that way." He picks up a magazine from his desk, flips the pages, and stops at one. "Andy Warhol has no talent, *no* talent, NO talent," he says, throwing the magazine on the bar behind him.

The people closest to Johnny Carson ("No one is really close to Johnny," said one right away) are uniformly aware of what his wife calls "Johnny's wall." "He just doesn't go for people," says Mrs. Carson. Friends alternate between facing the wall and walking away. Says Art Stark, producer of both the *Tonight* show and *Who Do You Trust?* (when Carson was its host), "I'm Johnny's best friend because I'm not interested in his friendship. I don't try to make contact with him. Sometimes we go to dinner together. If he's altogether uncommunicative, I just leave. . . ."

"I've worked on the show for two years, and I still feel awkward with him," says another associate. "The only way he seems to come through is on a comedic level. He tells a joke. You laugh. It's not that he's got a star complex. He just doesn't seem interested in anyone. He never asks people questions about themselves. . . ." "It was about a year and a half before we had a conversation," says Michael Zannella, Carson's young, pleasant-faced, right-hand man. "When I see him on the street, sometimes I don't say hello. That's the way he likes it. I don't mind." Carson's brother Dick, who directs the *Tonight* show, says that he always knocks before entering his brother's dressing room and asks before sitting down. He doesn't mind either. "I think Johnny is the funniest guy in the world," said the younger Carson one evening

before a taping of the show, "but don't write that. He always misunderstands people. He'd think I was trying to butter him up."

While fans are the butter of a star's bread, for a man with a "low bugging point," they are more like Chinese mustard. To make things really indigestible, Johnny Carson's fans are more inclined toward friendliness than awe—thanks to the frequency of the *Tonight* show and the intimacy of both the late-night air time and the format. "He's been in their bedrooms, for God's sake," says his manager.

"The thing that really kills me," says Carson, "is when somebody grabs me by the arm and says, 'Hey, Johnny, c'mere and meet my wife.' They think that because they know me, I want to know them. Once, in an elevator, a woman asked me to sign a card to her sister that said, 'Happy Birthday, Maude.' I told her I didn't know Maude well enough. Another time, some guy asked me for an autograph in a urinal. I just laughed." Carson's behavior around his fans is surprisingly good-humored. "Some people I want to punch right in the mouth," he says. "But I can't, because the next day, the papers would say, 'Johnny Carson Punches Fan in the Mouth.' So you take it. You walk away."

Since anger is one parent of humor, Johnny Carson is in luck. Six months after a famous columnist accused him of being tasteless at LBJ's Inaugural Gala (he had said something about his show helping to lower the national birthrate), Carson devoted an entire section of his act in Las Vegas to letting the columnist have it. According to an observer at the Sahara Hotel, it was one of the thorniest attacks that had ever been launched on a stage there. It was also one of the funniest. "She has the charm of an untipped headwaiter," gunned Carson. "She is the only woman you wouldn't mind being with if your wife walked in. . . . I don't see why she would object to a joke about birth control. She's such a living example for it." His on-camera shots are better-natured. Once, when George Jessel showed up in one of his red-jacket-pink-shirt ensembles, Carson gasped. "My God, you look like a Jewish Popsicle." He has asked Phyllis Diller if she has her hair done at the Goodwill Industries, and announced that Selma Diamond had been voted Playgirl of the Month by *Popular Mechanics*. Another contest winner, for his wardrobe, was Skitch Henderson who, says Carson, came out on top in the 1947 Xavier Cugat look-alike poll.

Probably the most punctured target of Johnny Carson's wit is Johnny Carson. Give-it-to-yourself-before-the-audience-does is an old game, but Carson plays it well. "But I was a veteran," he chided an audience once, for not laughing. The fact is, Johnny Carson plays the *Tonight* show well. He thinks fast and funny, his derisions rarely interfere with his on-camera manners, he is naughty, but never raunchy, and he looks good. Forty years old and graying or not, when Johnny Carson shows up on television, standing up straight (as if he'd been briefed by his mother) in his vintage '45 jacket, with a "Who, me?" look, he could be the nicest boy on Norman Rockwell's block.

Wit and American boyhood aside, one riddle remains: If Johnny Carson is, by nature, so locked up, how, then, does he keep a talk show going night after night?—going, moreover, with such success that its current Nielsen rating is 14-percent higher than it was in Paar days, that it outpulls the competing talk show by four to one, that studio tickets are "sold out" seven months in advance, and that Carson's fan mail alone passes the 5,000 mark each month?

The *Tonight* show, first of all, has a script. Questions with expected answers are prepared by the "talent coordinators" and typed out in quadruplicate before each show. Copies go to both guest and host. Then, for Carson, it is a matter of technique: skillful inquiry, a show of interest when the answers come, and the adroit shifting of gears, chiefly into his own paths of humor, when the script runs out—or when someone runs out on it. Carson also has learned when to let the Buddy Hacketts and Henry Morgans go uninterrupted. "If they're

continued

"There's no percentage getting involved in issues. This is an entertainment show."

funny, the show is good; and if the show is good, I look good," he says.

The key protector of Mr. Carson's noncommunicative rights, however, is the prodigious superficiality of the show itself. The show's producer is first to admit it. "It doesn't matter if Johnny is that way," says Stark. "An interview never goes far enough for it to matter."

Carson insulates himself further by deliberately avoiding guests whose "message" demands more than a cursory going-over. "I'm not equipped to talk about issues," he says. "In my opinion, neither was Paar. I'm not interested in using the show as a platform for the burning issues of the day. There's no percentage in getting involved. I'm an entertainer, and this is an entertainment show. When people tune in at 11:30, they don't want to hear about civil rights."

Surely no one objects to entertainment, and the *Tonight* show provides some. Roughly 20 minutes of each hour-and-a-half show are given over to "formal entertainment"—songs, usually, and comic acts. That leaves 70 minutes for chatter and commercials (paid for at the rate of \$14,000 a minute). "Unequipped" or not, Jack Paar elicited the chatter of some of the most interesting and distinguished people in the country—among them, John F. Kennedy, Richard M. Nixon, Eleanor Roosevelt, Barry M. Goldwater, Dr. Thomas Dooley, Gore Vidal, James Thurber. Mr. Carson considers himself an entertainer, and the presence of such people risky to his entertainment value. The network has gone along. The premise seems to be that such categorically interesting people are less entertaining than, say, Mimi Hines

(of the Ford and Hines comedy team, who came on the show recently and talked about bottle feeding her dog); than Betty Grable going on about her golf game; than John Forsythe expressing admiration for the Dodgers; than the U.S. bubble-gum champs exhibiting their blowing prowess; than such verbal memorabilia (from one starlet) as "My show opens in two weeks; let's see, what date is that?—Um, Skitch, do you know what date that is? . . . I really shouldn't have worn the same dress that I wore last time on the show [giggle], but you weren't here last time, and I wanted you to see it. I'm so small that I can buy all my clothes in the children's department. When I shop, I try to look younger; otherwise, I feel so silly, you know what I mean? . . ."

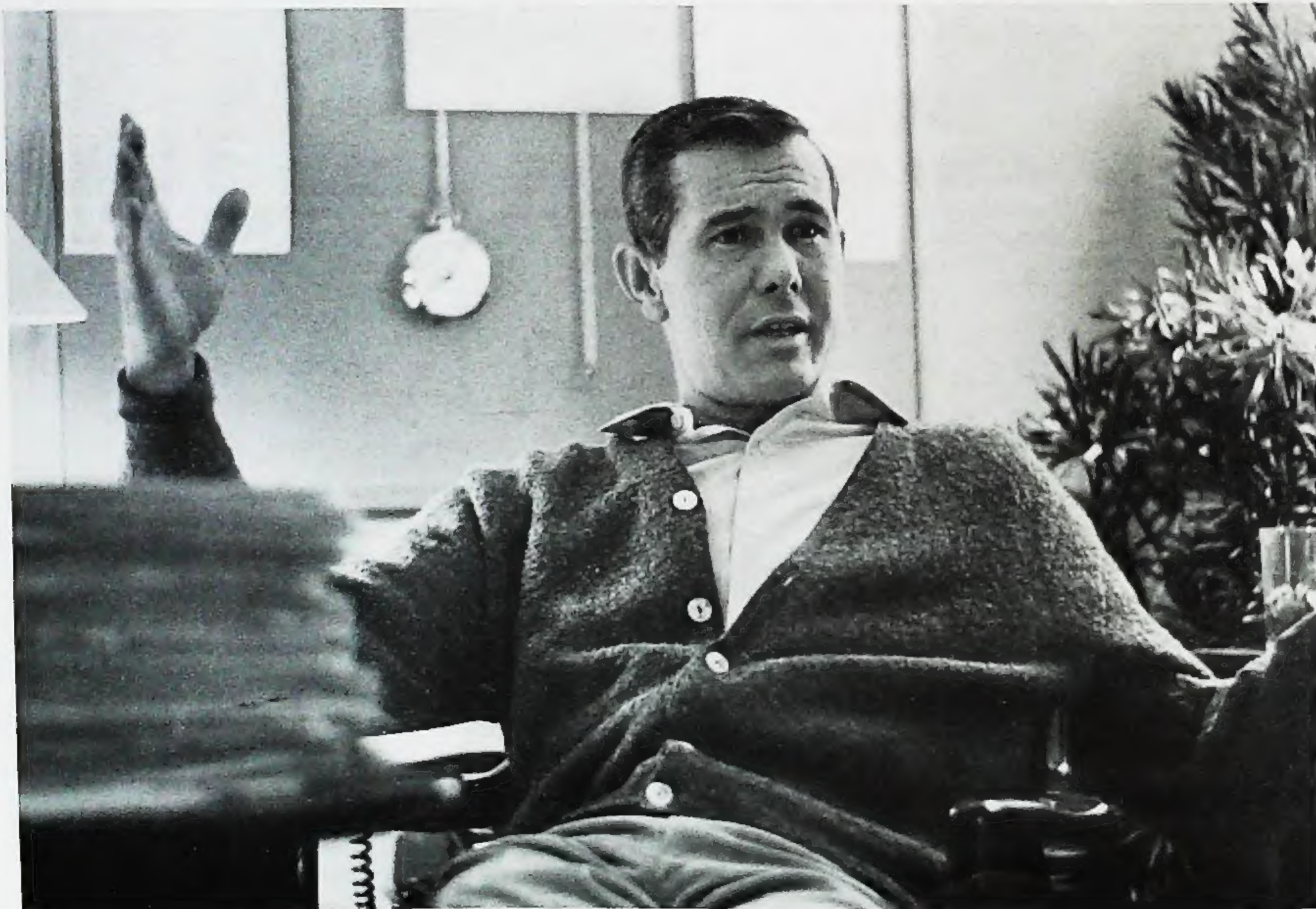
Many guests who arrive at the *Tonight* show with something to say, wind up not saying it. "They feel bad afterward," says the producer. "They always think it's their fault."

The *Tonight* show, in itself, is nothing to petition the White House about. What's wrong with listening to verbal Muzak? The question grows weighty, however, if alternatives to watching the show are considered. At 11:30 p.m., some other choices are: (1) watching something else; (2) sleeping; (3) reading; (4) making love.

Well, America?

BETTY ROLLIN

Tonight nights will probably go on for at least two more years, with a raise for Carson from the \$250,000 he gets now. Situation comedy? "Never," he says. "It's a madhouse." Movies? "Maybe. Why not? But you won't catch me making any Beach Party Go Go's."



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